Henley Regatta.

"THE BYSTANDER" ENCLOSURE.

The Editor of THE BYSTANDER, to meet the requirements of readers attending Henley Regatta on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd of July, has entered into arrangements to acquire a portion of the late enclosure of the Isthmian Club, situated next to the enclosure of the Phyllis Court Club, and adjoining, on the other side, that of the Lawns Club.

A SPLENDID VIEW OF THE RACING.

AMPLE SEATING ACCOMMODATION.

LUNCHEON. REFRESHMENTS (by Messrs. Stewart and Co., of Old Bond Street). BOATS.

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or, for the three days, 25/-

Application for Tickets to be made direct to the Publisher, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C., or to

The Secretary,
"THE BYSTANDER" ENCLOSURE,
HENLEY REGATTA, HENLEY.

N.B.—The Enclosure will also be at the disposal of the public for the Olympic Regatta, July 28th, 29th and 30th.

EMPIRE.—ADELINE GENÉE in COPPELIA. A REVUE. "OH INDEED!"
Valli Valli, Arthur Playfair, Sybil Arundale, Farren Soutar, etc.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.0. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

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(The Largest Horse Show in the World.)
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ALL THE
EQUINE CHAMPIONS
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RIDING, DRIVING, and JUMPING CONTESTS.
Admission to the Floral Promenade:—
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THE GRAPHIC MIDSUMMER NUMBER
with which is incorporated the ordinary issue.
READY JUNE 27, 1908.

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This Insurance extends from and including Tuesday, the 23rd day of June, 1908, to the midnight of Wednesday, the 1st day of July, 1908.

The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the Principal Office of the Corporation.

This Insurance holds good in the case of a Railway Servant travelling with a pass in a passengers' compartment.

Signature.....

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES, care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

MAIDSTONE LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT
JULY 2nd, 3rd and 4th.

EIGHT OPEN EVENTS.

Entries close Saturday, June 27th.

L. GREEN (*Secretary*), Oaklands, Maidstone.

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TURKISH CIGARETTES.

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100, post free 6/6. Sample 10 for 1/-
V. MARICH & Co. (Malta);
(Dept. B.), Billiter Buildings, London, E.C.

Odol Beauty Competition.

Valuable Money Prizes. Open to All. No Entrance Fees.

We are continually receiving photos in which users of Odol are shown in association with the Odol bottle, and, while grateful for the appreciation thus evinced, we feel inclined to give these ideas a wider extension by launching the present Competition.

Our purpose is to associate beauty appropriately with an article that is acknowledged to be a direct promoter of beauty; and readers of this paper are accordingly invited to send in photographs of ladies, girls, or children in competition.

A few photographs are here reproduced as indications of what can be done in this direction. These pictures belong to our collection of the celebrities who are amongst our most faithful friends, using Odol continuously.

The Odol Beauty Competition is intended to show to the public how very important a factor in personal beauty are the mouth and teeth. All who have studied beauty from the artistic point of view know this already, but the public generally, sometimes, it is to be feared, lose sight of the fact, or they would pay greater attention than they do to the cultivation of this essential part of facial beauty. Odol, the World's Dentifrice, is doing splendid work in this direction, being acknowledged all over the world as the most efficacious of all preparations in securing the beauty, health and soundness of the teeth, and the consequent improvement in the expression of the lips and mouth.

The Prizes will be as follows:

First Prize - £50 cash.

Second Prize - - - £20 „

Third Prize - - - £10 „

and Thirty Prizes of £1 each £30 „

In addition to these

A large number of CONSOLATION PRIZES will be awarded.

The Copyright of the best of the other photographs sent in that do not gain a prize will be purchased at the price of 10/6.

CONDITIONS OF THE COMPETITION.

Each photograph must show the person photographed with an Odol flask introduced into the picture, and it is in this that a great field for attractive originality of idea will be offered. Pose, arrangement, and other details will be left entirely to the individual tastes of Competitors.

The photographs may either be those taken by professional photographers or amateurs.

The photograph must show:—

1st.—The face—not necessarily the full face—and the whole or part of the figure.

2nd.—The Odol flask must be prominent, either held in the hand, resting on the table, or otherwise, as may be considered most effective.

Competitors may send in as many photographs—in different poses—as they like. Each photograph will be judged separately on its own merits.

Every photograph sent in should bear the name and address of the competitor, clearly written.

The Judges will be well-known gentlemen of artistic reputation, and the awards will be made by the Manager of the Odol Chemical Works, acting upon the Judges' decision.

The awards will be based by the Judges:—

(*a*) On the general beauty of the Competitors, with special reference to the beauty of the mouth and teeth, which do so much towards controlling the entire facial expression,

(*b*) On the effectiveness of the pose in connection with the introduction of the Odol flask.

The sole copyright of the photographs in respect of which prizes will be awarded shall belong to the Odol Chemical Works.

September 30th, 1908, is the closing day of the Competition.

Competitors must please mark their envelopes "Beauty Competition," and address them to The Manager, Odol Chemical Works, 61B, Park Street, London, S.E.

Photographs of the first two prize winners will be published in this paper.

Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR £2,000

Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

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Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 238.—Vol. XVIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, June 24, 1908 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

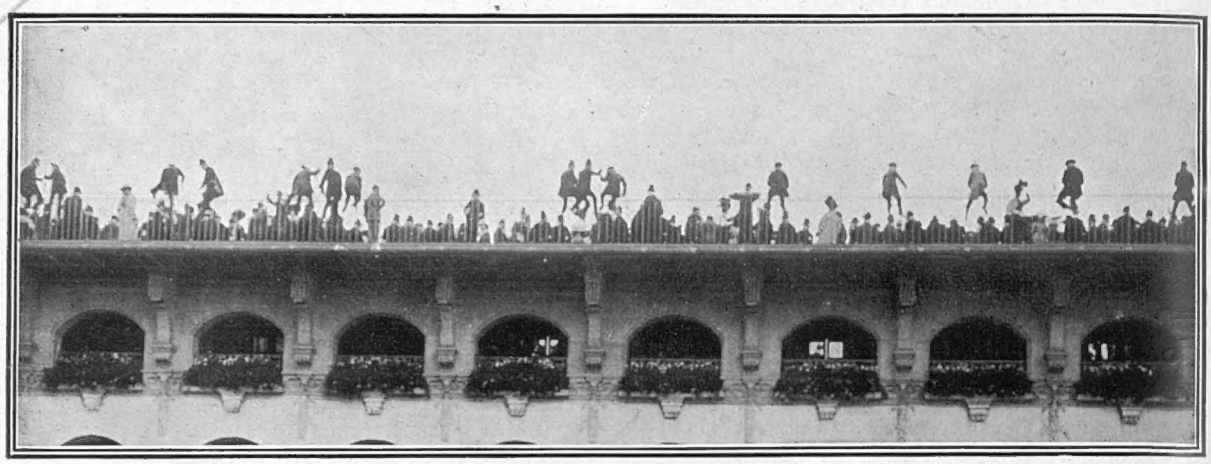
Photo *Park*

MR. ASQUITH AND SIR JOHN FISHER—DISCUSSING THE KAISER'S LATEST BELLICOSE SPEECH?

Mr. Asquith—all smiles—chatting with Admiral Sir John Fisher—also all smiles—and possibly cracking a joke on the subject of the Kaiser's speech. (The preparedness of the British Fleet to meet *all* emergencies is, of course, notorious)

The Lure of Longchamp

PARIS SEASON CLOSES WITH A BRILLIANT GRAND PRIX



A Somewhat Uncomfortable Coign of Vantage: Spectators perched on the rails at the top of the Grand Stand (back view)

Photos *Topical Agency*

M. le President arrives with Madame Fallieres

After the Great Race: The Gay Scene on the Lawns on Grand Prix Day

Toujours la Directoire

With the Grand Prix Day on Sunday week closed the Grande Semaine in Paris, and, to celebrate the occasion, all the wealth and fashion of Paris flocked to Longchamp to see Mr. Vanderbilt's horse, North-East, win the French Derby. As at the opening of the Ascot meeting, the sky was overcast, though the rain that threatened, but did not fall, little affected the gaiety of the scene on the lawns

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

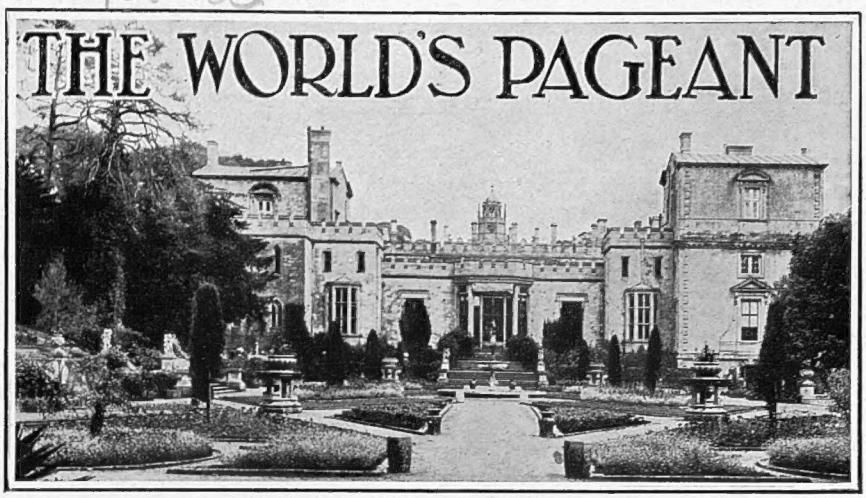


Photo *Frith*

Where King Edward is week-ending: Wilton House, the Earl of Pembroke's beautiful Wiltshire seat

Wilton House is chiefly famous for its gardens, in the pavilion of which Shakespeare played before James I

After Ascot

The week following Ascot—never exactly dull—is this year behaving itself with almost unexampled levity. It may be the many alien influences afoot. For one's French is, at every gathering, still in constant practice; one's American will very soon be in daily request; and one's knowledge of Churches, Missions, Bishops and such things, is just now being put to so rigidly severe a test that I confess were

> " . . . . . I a cassowary
> On the plains of Timbuctoo:
> I would eat a missionary,
> Coat and bands and hymn-book too."

Pan-Anglicans, in a word, lurk in most unlikely places. Bishops in Bond Street are as numerous as Directoire gowns, while minor lights, black, white, and coloured, walk beamingly around the rest of the metropolis.

* * *

The King and Queen

The King ended a strenuous week of Ascot racing with his vast Windsor Castle garden-party, and started the present by laying the commemoration stone of the new hospital at Windsor, then coming up to town yesterday with the Queen and Court in order to be present at the marriage of the American Ambassador's daughter to Mr. John Ward, and to attend the Duchess of Sutherland's Royal ball last night. To-day their Majesties have promised to attend the much-talked-of Melba matinée (at which Mme. Tetrazzini is, after all, not to sing). On Friday, with the usual trooping of colours, reception of Ambassadors, and family dinner party, King Edward celebrates his "official" sixty-seventh birthday. On the following day, after attending Sandown Park for the races, the King will proceed by train to Salisbury, to spend the week-end with Lord and Lady Pembroke at Wilton House.

Photo *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond St.*

The Earl of Pembroke

King Edward's host at Wilton House

* * *

Wilton House

Wilton House is one of the finest places in England. Originating as a monastery, the mansion itself was begun during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, some part of it being designed by Holbein. When Charles I. visited it, he suggested the design of the Italian garden front. About a hundred years ago, Wyatt by some sad mischance, was given a free architectural hand on the place. He "Gothicised" it in the most appalling fashion, but the house, in great part, recovered its original form under the *régime* of Sidney Herbert and the late Lord Pembroke. Sir Philip Sidney wrote his "Arcadia" while staying at Wilton House, and one of its greatest treasures is a lock of hair given by the "Virgin Queen" to that gay and gallant knight. The pictures, tapestry, armour, and statuary are wonderful, some of that Gobelin tapestry which Evelyn refers to as "for design, and tenderness of work, beyond anything I ever beheld," having perhaps strayed to Wilton from Whitehall. It was Evelyn too, who said the gardens were the "noblest in England."

The King's Garden Crush

The Culmination of the Season

Cup day at Ascot atoned for the meteorological misdeeds of its predecessors. Early in the morning there was simply not a doubt as to how the weather was going to behave. And so everyone that was anyone, and a lot of others as well, by rail and coach and motor, flew down to the historic heath.

* * *

The Royal Procession

The King, with a bluish frock coat and hat, wore a large red buttonhole and a rather bright tie, and the Queen, as usual, was in lavender. Everybody was delighted, by the way, to note how very prominent and visible the Queen was graciously pleased to be on Cup Day. Since her return from Russia she has acquired a most animated conversational style, and gesticulated as freely and as gracefully as was permissible in Majesty. The Princess of Wales looked very well in white, while Princess Victoria, in a gown of softest stone-coloured chiffon, looked, if one may say so of a Royalty, almost *chic*. Princess Patricia, in cloudy white and gold tissue, was talking animatedly with the young Marquis of Anglesey. The Duchess of Westminster, who, owing to the command to Ascot, had at the last minute to give up her own party, sat talking to the Queen for some time, and was picturesquely attired (but not *à la* Directoire) in a picture hat and gown of blue chiffon, a large blue scarf tied under her chin. Viscountess Castlereagh, who on Wednesday and Thursday was included in the Royal luncheon-party, also affects the picturesque. She wore a sort of shrimp-pink, baby, Empire gown, and a large grannie hat encircled her round, young face.

"THE BYSTANDER" ENCLOSURE AT HENLEY
(See page 641)

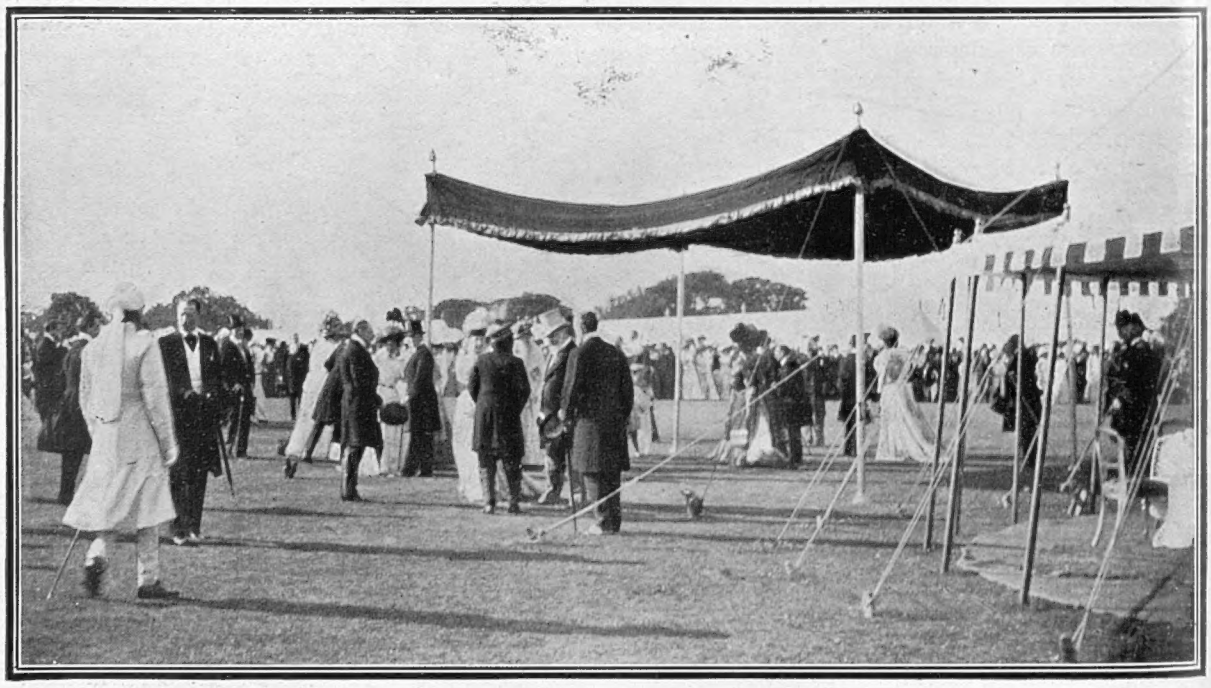
In the Paddock

It was in the Paddock that one really saw the gowns. In the enclosures it was impossible, for Lord Churchill, seemingly, had stretched his lists a very little this year. Two actresses—one, I believe, of Daly's—created a mild sensation in white Directoire gowns which were discreetly bowdlerised. Lady Evelyn Guinness, Lady Dickson-Poynder, Mary, Lady Gerard, Viscountess Masserene, Viscountess Crichton, Lady Wernher, Lady Newborough, and the Hon. Mrs. Henry Coventry were all most fashionably attired in sheath-like Directoire costumes and enormous hats, heaped with feathers or aigrettes. The Queen, it was remarked, followed closely with her glasses a Directoire gown whenever she saw it, for it is, indeed, a style very far removed from anything in her Majesty's wardrobe. Other ladies who were to be seen all day in near proximity to the Queen were the Countess of Dudley in white, Countess Beauchamp in white, the Marquise de Ganay (of the Royal house-party) in a wonderful French swathed muslin, the Marchioness of Londonderry in pale yellow, and the Countess of Mar and Kellie in a clinging mauve and pink creation. A very striking-looking Frenchwoman, of, I believe, fabulous wealth, who was very much in evidence in the Royal enclosure, was Mme. Menier, of chocolate fame, garbed in purest white.

* * *

The Week's Adventure

Two pageants—one at Chelsea, the other at Winchester—a Royal ball last night, the Melba concert to-day, the marriage of the American Ambassador's daughter, a Tariff Reform dinner (for which the indefatigable



The Windsor Outing: King Edward and the Queen Chatting with the Dewan of Nepal at the Garden Party

The Dewan of Nepal—*without* his jewels on this occasion—was a prominent guest among the 9,000 people of every walk in life and from every clime at the Royal Garden Party at Windsor. Cosmopolitanism was the key-note of the gigantic gathering, and the Pan-Anglicans were the most original feature. Never before were so many Church dignitaries seen on so festive an occasion. In fact, there were nearly as many varieties of Bishops as of sandwiches, of which there were nineteen several sorts for the refreshment of the inner man and woman

Actualities

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

In the Royal Box: A Chat with the Queen

Her Majesty (attired in lavender) chatted to everybody with the greatest *aplomb*. She showed keen critical interest in certain of the gowns

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

His Majesty Makes a Little Bet

At Ascot

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Colonel Kirkwood Leading in The White Knight, Winner of the Gold Cup

White Knight's victory was no surprise. Last year he ran a dead heat with the French horse Eider, which was disqualified for boring

Photo] **The Royal Carriage Passing the Grand Stand on Cup Day** *[Bolak*

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Sir Charles Hartopp and Lady Crofton in the Paddock

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Lady Sarah Wilson (à la Directoire) and Mrs. George Keppel

Snapshotted on one of the wet days waiting for umbrellas

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Mrs. Willie Lawson Wearing a Directoire Dress

"Teddy's Twin" as President?

Lord Ridley has been making great efforts) and a Tariff Reform reception afterwards by the Duchess of Sutherland, the Horse Show, and no fewer than two garden parties at Marlborough House—one Pan-Anglican, and the other League of Mercy—are just a few of the events of a crowded week. At Miss Reid's wedding, which was attended by nearly every Royalty in England, opportunities for the usual Transatlantic nuptial splendour were rare, owing to the tininess of the Chapel Royal.

* * *

The American Wedding

However, the best, in the splendid line that could be done, *was* done. Dorchester House is always magnificent; in the chapel, the three large, solid gold Charles I. plates adorned the small altar; the bride's lace was priceless, and the diamond buckles on the pages' shoes were sparkles of light in the semi-twilight of the Chapel Royal. The presents were all but regal, especially those from American millionaires, the gift of Mr. Pierpont Morgan having been advertised as worth well over a thousand pounds. Emeralds being the bride's favourite stones, these jewels predominated among the gifts, and next to Mr. Morgan's, Mrs. John Jacob Astor's present was, I believe, one of the most valuable. Mrs. Astor creates a sensation every time she appears at the opera. Her new tiara is a tower of blazing diamonds, and finds its equal in the house nowhere save on the head of Mrs. "Solly" Joel.

Photo *Topical Agency*

Roosevelt's Choice: Mr. W. H. Taft, nominated for the United States Presidency

Mr. Taft is Mr. Roosevelt's political twin. He is, in fact, practically Mr. Roosevelt himself—for what Mr. Roosevelt thinks Mr. Taft thinks—on every conceivable political subject

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

From West Africa

* * *

A Retiring Duchess

Almost as retired from the world as that other retiring Duchess—Her Grace of Bedford—is the Duchess of Hamilton, of whom we publish a new portrait. The Duke's delicate health seldom allows him to spend long periods in London, and he and his wife divide their time very largely between Hamilton Palace and Dungand, the Duke's Lanarkshire shooting-box, the land around which is lovely and wild and unfrequented, in spite of those factories and coalfields which make Lanarkshire the most populous county in Scotland. The Duchess, however, has a very warm corner in her heart for the Old Lodge, Winterslow, the place in Wiltshire where her father, Major Poore, formerly lived. Winterslow prides itself on its association with Hazlitt, who lived there, and it was originally in the possession of the de Roche family, who held the manor on quaint terms of tenure. When the King was residing at the Palace of Clarendon (now in ruins outside Salisbury) the lord of Winterslow had to attend his Majesty there and serve him with a pitcher of claret, afterwards retaining the cup and drinking what remained of the wine.

* * *

Down Went the Twenty-Nine!

The mustering of only twenty-nine supporters for Mr. Harold Cox's motion rejecting the Old Age Pensions Bill is one of the most discreditable incidents in the career of the Opposition. Here is a frankly Socialistic proposal—one which, in the words of Mr. Cox, "spends the taxpayers' money in giving subsidies to persons selected by arbitary standards of age, income, and character." It annexes nearly ten millions of money annually to support a class which contributes nothing

Photos

From Bombay

Halftones, Ltd.

From British Guiana

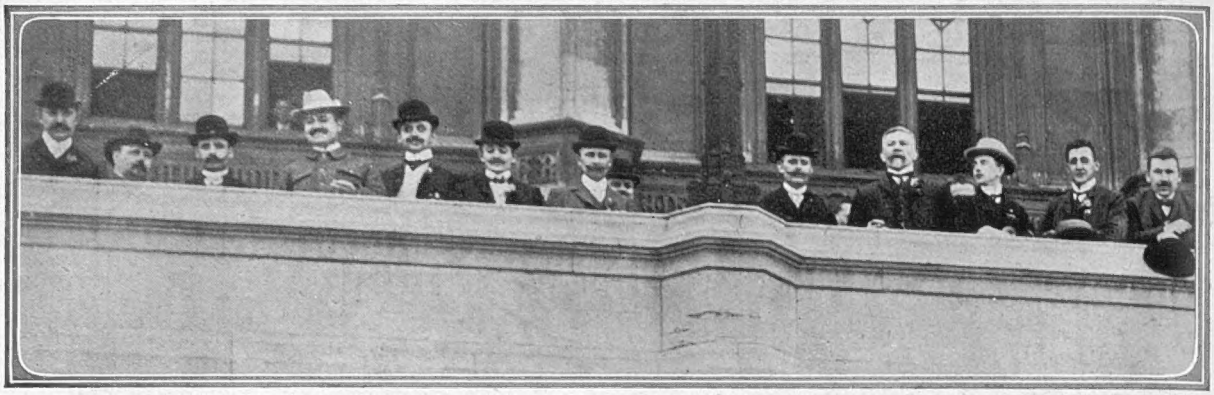
THREE COLOURED CLERICS ATTENDING THE PAN-ANGLICAN CONFERENCE.

In Pity's Cause

Photo] THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON *[Speight*

Who is a strong supporter of the Anti-Vivisection Society. She was this afternoon to inaugurate the second day of the Grand Bazaar in the Battersea Town Hall, in aid of the National Anti-Vivisection Hospital at Battersea Park

Politics In the House and Out



Photo] **Our Very Democratic Legislators : The popularity of other than top-hats at St. Stephen's** [*Illustrations Bureau*

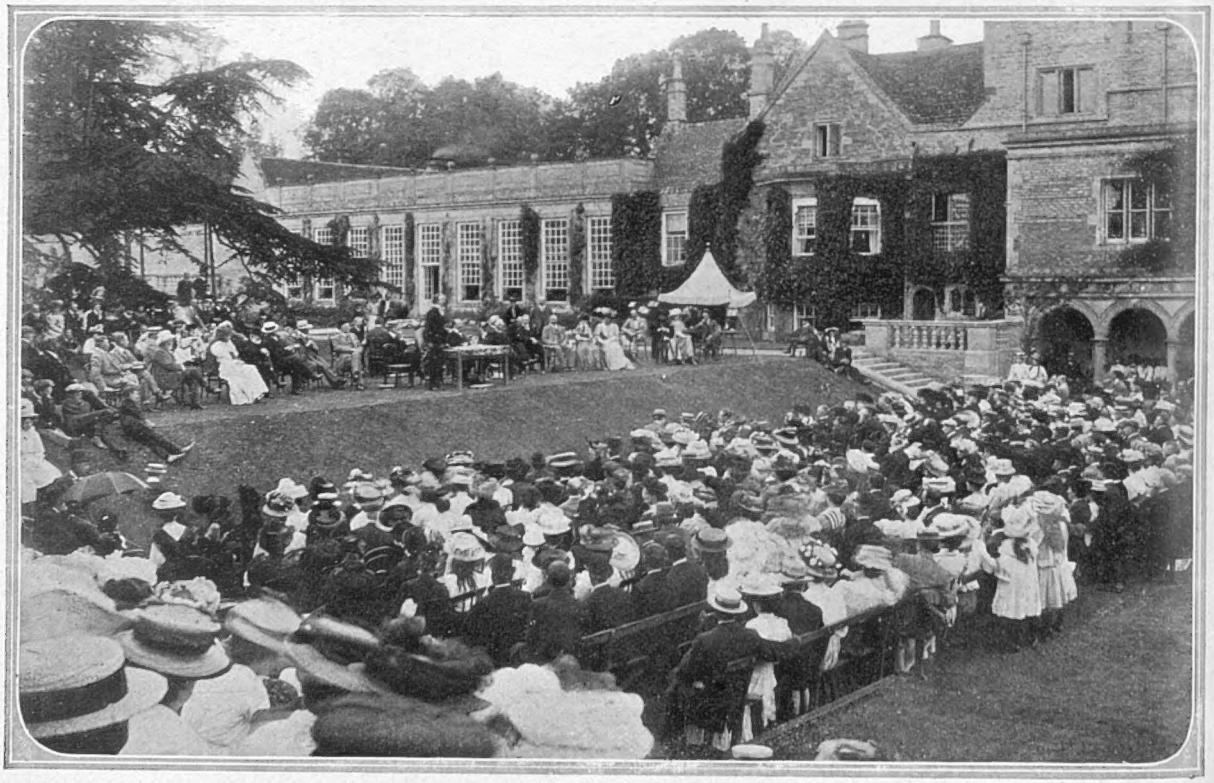
The above snapshot of M.P.'s looking on to the river from the Terrace at the manœuvres of the new life-saving boat *Uræd* is interesting as showing the change that has come over the fashion in Parliamentary headgear. Not one of the twelve legislators visible wears the "topper"

towards direct taxation. That the Conservative Party allows this flagrant pandering to the Socialists to pass practically unchallenged (Mr. Cox himself is a Liberal) gives one powerfully to think. To whom is the business man and the taxpayer of this country to look in future for the defence of his interests? Those who voted for Mr. Cox are nearly all staunch Free Traders. It is to be hoped that Mr. Cox will persist in his courageous policy of defending the taxpayer, for if he does so he will rally round him a large number of moderate men who, though inclined to Tariff Reform, will not take it as a gift if the taxation to be raised by it is to be bartered away to pay off the unredeemed pledges of a Socialist-Radical Chancellor.

"The Anarchist Leader" : Mr. Harold Cox, M.P.
(By Ralph Cleaver)

* * *

There *is* a solution of the Old Age Pension puzzle. But it is not that of the Government. A universal graduated Income Tax is the way. Let everybody pay something, if only a penny in the pound per cent., and *then*, but not before, scheme out your Pensions as you like!



Photo] **The Garden Fete Political : Lord Castlereagh addressing an alfresco audience in the grounds of Apethorpe Hall** [*Baily*

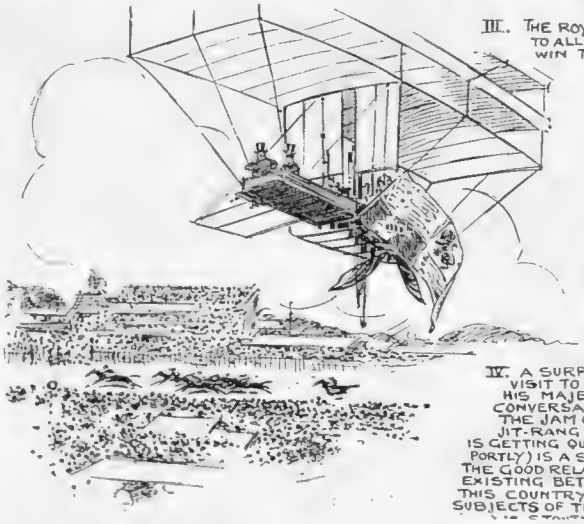
Apethorpe Hall, Northamptonshire, the charming home of Mr. Leonard and Lady Violet Brassey, was the scene the other day of a political garden fête. Mr. Leonard Brassey, the prospective Unionist candidate for North Northants, hopes to oust the Labour M.P. for the division at the next General Election

A Respectful Forecast

THE PURSUIT OF THE ENTENTE OR ROUNDING UP THE STRAGGLERS.

I. HAVING A SPARE WEEK END KING EDWARD SPENT IT OVER A HUBBLE-BUBBLE & A CUP OF COFFEE WITH THE RAJAH OF BHONG. THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS MEETING CAN SCARCELY BE OVER-ESTIMATED.

II. ON TAKING LEAVE OF HIS MAJESTY THE RAJAH WORE HIS NEW UNIFORM AS HONORARY COLONEL OF THE LEGION OF FRONTIERSMEN.



III. THE ROYAL AEROPLANE RETURNED IN TIME TO ALLOW HIS MAJESTY TO SEE 'PERSIMMONETTA' WIN THE DERBY.

IV. A SURPRISE VISIT TO LORDS. HIS MAJESTY'S CONVERSATION WITH THE JAM OF JIT-RANG, (WHO IS GETTING QUITE PORTLY) IS A SIGN OF THE GOOD RELATIONS EXISTING BETWEEN THIS COUNTRY & THE SUBJECTS OF THE JAM

V. BETWEEN ASCOT & GOODWOOD KING EDWARD RETURNED THE VISIT OF CALAMITY POP von PEPPERMINT DROP, THE FAMOUS KING OF CANOODLEDUM. THE SPEECH OF POP REX AT THE BANQUET IN HIS MAJESTY'S HONOUR WILL GO FAR TO ALLAY FEARS THAT MIGHT POSSIBLY BE AROUSED BY THE GERMAN CHARACTER OF THE CANOODLEDUMIC TITLE.

VI. IN SPITE OF A FERVENT PROTEST FROM MR EUSTACE MILES, THE KING PAID HIS LONG PROMISED VISIT TO KING BORRIA BUNGALEE BOO. ONLY THE FACT THAT HIS DUSKY MAJESTY ALREADY APPEARED TO HOLD THAT HONOUR SAVED HIM FROM BEING CREATED AN ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET.

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM THE NEWSPAPERS OF THE YEAR AFTER NEXT

BY FRANK GILLETT

Peter Pan in Paris

MISS PAULINE CHASE WHO IS NOW PLAYING "PETER PAN" IN PARIS

On Sunday week Mr. Frohman took his entire "Peter Pan" Company to Paris, where they are now playing before crowded audiences of youngsters and grown-ups, and all seats have been booked for some time to come

Photo *Bassano*

ROUND THE TOWN

On Active Service

Mr. Cyril Maude as the Flag Lieutenant in his successful new play at the Playhouse

A Playhouse Success

By far the most cheery of the *premiers* last week took place at the Playhouse, where a delighted audience welcomed a delightful company of players in a new and charming and popular comedy, *The Flag Lieutenant*. The success of the authors, Major Drury and Mr. Leo Trevor, was never for a moment in doubt, but when, after about the twentieth call at the end of the play, Mr. Maude said something about "a thousand, thousand thanks" and a lady's voice called back from somewhere high in the house, "You were *lovely!*" the enthusiasm knew no bounds, and the "Flag Lieutenant" started upon his way to victory. The picture of naval life and fighting, the admirable drawing of the characters, the fine sentiment, and, above all, the clever, realistic, witty, and convincing modern dialogue were all immensely helped by the lively and accomplished acting. I have not seen Miss Winifred Emery to so much advantage since she played in the *Benefit of the Doubt*. As Mrs. Cameron, a widow in love with the excellent Marine, Major Thesiger—played by Mr. Aubrey Smith, and, therefore, endowed with all the splendid qualities which he depicts so naturally—she has every opportunity of displaying those gifts and graces which make any part she plays so interesting, but which need such a character as the present to give them their full value.

Mr. Maude in a Naval Role

Mr. Maude as the naval officer who so nearly sacrifices his and his sweetheart's happiness by attributing his own heroic deed to his pal, Thesiger—under peculiar circumstances—won the hearts of the audience at once, and held them tightly through the more strenuous portions of the comedy. "Dicky Lascelles" is a part evidently written for Mr. Maude, and there has never been one that fitted him better. Miss Braithwaite, Mr. Holmes-Gore, Mr. Blakiston, and each and all of the slightly less prominent people, play most excellently, and, above all, easily. No one strains at his particular oar, no one is out of the picture. There is no word, or line, or thought, or mood that will not give pleasure to the audience. That the plot is a little artificial, the *dénouement* a trifle more clever than probable, does not matter. Everyone will go and see for themselves how the affair is managed and come away delighted to find that a comedy can be so absolutely British without being dull, so entirely native and yet so witty, so gay, so tender, and, as regards the characters and dialogue, so perfectly true.

* * *

L'Affaire des Poisons

For the next few weeks M. Coquelin and his excellent company should fill his Majesty's to overflowing. The

Photo *L.N.A.*

Having Their Fortunes Told at the Dumb Friends' League Fête

The two popular actresses, Miss Phyllis Dare and Miss Isabel Jay, consult a Sibyl at the recent Botanic Gardens Fête in aid of Our Dumb Friends' League. (Was there any need for these two ladies to seek for their fortunes in their hands? It surely lies in their countenances!)

L'Affaire Coquelin

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Mr. Wilfred Cotton and his Wife, Miss Ada Reeve

The manager and the charming Rhodanthe respectively of the successful musical play, *Butterflies*, by W. J. Locke, at the Apollo. Miss Reeve has, if possible, even added to her reputation as an actress by her playing of the bewitching fascinator of conventional Mr. Podmore, the Mincing Lane broker

first week shows London that magnificent and elaborate machine, M. Sardou's Louis XIVth play, *L'Affaire des Poisons*. The prologue, and five fairly long acts, tell a story of a thousand Court plots and private tangles, but the actors vitalise this mass of fact and fiction after a quite extraordinary fashion. When M Coquelin has made you familiar with the wonderful Abbé Griffard, who is the very god out of this machinery, and adjusts the difficulties with a cunning, a philosophy, and rich humour seldom found outside Olmypus; when the beautiful and gifted Mlle. Gilda Darthy has given you her true and admirable portrait of Louis's declining mistress, the de Montespan; and Capoul has shown you his King, and Monteux his Lieutenant of Police, and Mme. Renot her broadly humourous and vivid La Voisin—the pseudo-sorceress and realistic poisoner—and all the other ladies and gentlemen have added their convincing performances, you are almost ready to assert that *L'Affaire* is a grand and important play. At least, it is a splendid late seventeenth century frame for Coquelin's picture of the subtle, potent, brave, middle-class Abbé—and is not that enough? The other day this famous comedian was congratulating us on retaining one advantage over French audiences—our great simplicity in regard to matters of the drama. On the stage M. Coquelin is devilish sly. I wonder if he ever chances to be so at an interview. Does he think, as I do, that to be so very simple is to be stupid? In any case, that is the impression he gives one, for, as the Abbé Griffard, he acts, splendidly, of course, but with so broad and heavy a hand as who should say, "These are a simple people, a little slow to understand, a little quick to applaud; we will thrust the matter home, and then rub it in, and so to victory."

* * *

Haymarket Matinees

If diversity be agreeable, the Londoner, or the stranger within his gates, need not complain at present. From Sardou's historical drama to Mr. Housman's musical fairy play, *The Chinese Lantern*, is a far cry, but you have only to cross the Haymarket to see something of both within five hours. The quality with which M. Coquelin endows us will be of great use at the Haymarket matinées. The simple heart will enjoy the Chinese students' fun in the studio, and sympathise with the hero who wishes to be an artist, and the unheroic artist who wishes to be a grocer, and with Mee-Mee, the Korean slave girl, whose fate is to make her husband famous. Mr. Henry Ainley, who played the Celestial slave with a passion for art, and Miss Irene Clarke as Mee-Mee, who loved him, were sincere if not convincing. Mr. Clarence, Mrs. Tapping, and Mr. Volpé struggled with the unsympathetic and would-be amusing characters nobly, and escaped being bores by the shortest head on record. The audience appear reverential rather than enthusiastic, but no doubt a city which finds crowded audiences for the old-world humours of Mr. Bernard Shaw will also provide plenty of people to enjoy Mr. Housman's fairy or symbolic play, and Mr. Moorat's clever, if occasionally irritating, music.

A Glance Round the Galleries

The Picture Galleries

It is often said that nobody buys pictures nowadays, and yet there aré at least twenty charming galleries open just now, which, somehow, wear a flourishing air, and appear filled with smart visitors. The New English Art Club, for example, has its fortieth exhibition; the Pastel Society, a mere child in these matters, holds its tenth show, and so on. The Carlton Galleries, in Pall Mall Place, are specialising, for the time being, in military and sporting subjects of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In the old days, when people became quickly rich, they found a way to consideration by forming a gallery of paintings. At the present time the merely becoming rich is really sufficient in itself. But, still, the gold-bugs of to-day must spend, and so they run a racing stable and grow famous by a Turf *coup* or two. From collecting and running the cracks of to-day to hanging the portraits of the famous race-horses of a century ago is, surely, an easy step. Thus, the millionaire may be led gently back towards a dalliance with the arts. I congratulate the Carlton Gallery on having discovered this primrose path, and on having brought together so admirable a collection of well known sportsmen and soldiers—and horses and hounds—hardly less admired in their day.

EGAN MEW.

American Emotion at Terry's

Whether a rather complicated and emotional American drama, excellently acted, will appeal to the British public in the dog days is an open question; but if it does not it will be no fault of Miss Fannie Ward's, the centre and soul of *The Three of Us* at Terry's Theatre. From a somewhat unattractive beginning, she works her way into our feelings and carries us along with her right the way through, despite the crudities in which the play abounds So many and conflicting are the cross-currents of love, mining claim speculations, and misunderstandings, most of which could be explained in a word or two, that a *précis* of the story is well-nigh impossible. Reduced to its very lowest terms, however, the germ of the plot is the willingness of Rhy Macchesney to permit currency to the spread of a story by which her honour is seemingly compromised, whereby even her poor, but devoted, lover doubts her, rather than allow to the world that her brother Clem has played the eavesdropper and traitor. A fine piece of emotional acting is the scene in which Rhy pays a midnight visit to Beresford, the rich prospector and her would-be suitor, to be released from a promise of secrecy regarding the latter's purchase of a rich claim, and is discovered by Stephen, who thinks the worst. This

Beresford (*Mr. Cyril Keightley*) Rhy Macchesney (*Miss Fannie Ward*) Stephen (*Mr. John Dean*)

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Jealous Lover (Poor, but Honest) Makes an Awkward Entry in "The Three of Us" at Terry's Theatre

An emotional piece of distinct American flavour is *The Three of Us* at Terry's Theatre, and that it is attracting English audiences is entirely due to Miss Fannie Ward. She gives a magnificent display of acting as Rhy Macchesney, one of The Three torn between a misunderstanding on the part of Stephen, her poor, but honest suitor, who finds her in a compromising position with his rich and unscrupulous rival, Beresford, and her love for her scapegrace brother Clem, who has betrayed to Beresford the secret of a rich mining find that he has overheard Stephen telling to his sister

Many-Sided Mr. Maugham

quite compensates for what is lacking, and what flags in the rest of the play.

Praise where praise is due must be given to Mr. Cyril Keightley as the "gentleman" prospector Beresford, and to Mr. John Dean as the rough, genuine Stephen, though the latter at times is a little inclined to exaggeration. We could wish to see more of Mr. Tapping as the Chinese servant, and Mr. E. J. Morris as Sonnie Macchesney, Rhy's young brother. H. P.

* * *

Mr. Maugham's Latest

Mr. William Somerset Maugham continues to supply suitable plays to West-End managements. Suitable is just the epithet to apply to his latest play, *The Explorer*, at the Lyric. It is good, durable material, likely to give Mr. Lewis Waller plenty of wear. *The Explorer* is a stage story told in essentially stage fashion. It is calculated to entertain that vast section of the play-going body which does not think very deeply, and is easily interested and entertained. But for the limitations of output there would be nothing to prevent Mr. Maugham's name appearing upon the bill boards of fourteen theatres instead of four, as at present. Here is a man who can turn out actable plays of all sorts, from farce, by way of light comedy, up to "strong plays." No wonder he is popular with managers !

The Explorer contains a hero beloved of the populace. This hero is noble, self-sacrificing, brave, cool-headed, and a born leader of men. When things go smoothly during his dangerous expeditions into Central Africa, he is inclined to be irritable. When, on the contrary, Alexander Mackenzie's little band is threatened with danger from every side, his spirits rise. He waxes merry and facetious. The explorer's chivalry prompts him first to propose to Lucy Allerton the moment he hears that her father has been sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for forgery; secondly, to take out Lucy's feckless brother, an obvious "passenger," to use a sporting phrase, upon one of his expeditions.

This young cub, George Allerton, philanders with a native woman, in a moment of passion shoots her, and brings a hornets nest about the ears of the white men in the form of a rising of the tribes. Mackenzie cannot hang or shoot Lucy's brother, so he proposes that the culprit shall volunteer for a post of such danger that only by a miracle can he survive the attack. George makes Mackenzie promise he will never divulge the story of his (George's) disgrace, accepts the post, and is killed. Mackenzie returns, and in face of a newspaper article accusing him of sending George to his death to save his own skin, remains silent. The revelation is brought about in customary stage fashion. Mackenzie and Lucy Allerton fall into each others arms. Curtain.

In exploiting this simple straightforward story, Mr. Maugham exhibits fair knowledge of how to handle his subject, and a pretty knack of writing neat dialogue, and a good comedy touch in the lighter passages. But he missed fine opportunities in the African scene. Mr. Lewis Waller and Miss Evelyn Millard played hero and heroine in approved fashion. The light comedy relief was admirably supplied by Mr. A. E. George as a philosophising worldling, and Miss Eva Moore as an equally keen-witted widow. Mr. Shiel Barry as the weakling George Allerton had fine acting opportunities, to which he rose in masterly fashion. E. C. S.

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

A Bevy of Beauty in "Butterflies" at the Apollo

"THE EXPLORER" AT THE LYRIC

SKETCHED AT THE LYRIC THEATRE BY NORMAN MORROW

Random Jottings

"Parisian critics," says a contemporary, "are agreed in praising *Peter Pan*, which they consider very English." Pan-Anglican?

* * *

The Ministers on Their Cox

(Mr. Cox's attack on the Old Age Pensions scheme has been most damaging.)

Our boat was taut; our Lloyd, we thought,
Was striking nicely past the rocks;
Oh, why when we were going so free
Must someone come and—Cox?

* * *

The peaceful nature of the Suffrage Movement since the great Albert Hall meeting, shows plainly that Votes for Women must soon be allowed. To refuse them on the ground that only thus can the weight of our London policemen be properly kept down, is no longer a statesmanlike proposition.

* * *

Many people cannot believe that the Kaiser has really ruled Germany for a couple of decades. But, of course, Monarchs take longer than ordinary people to arrive at years of discretion.

* * *

Apropos of what the Kaiser did not say the other day to the Foreign Attachés, who were either not present or painfully deaf—about "Let 'em all come"—why does not the Reichstag pass a Bill making Royal Missing Word Competitions illegal? Exhumation of Imperial Buried Treasures should, at the same time, be made a penal offence. Then the Kaiser would come "closer" *to other people* as well as his own.

* * *

Great indignation has been roused in the City by the increase of the water-rates. Still, it is an ill-wind that blows nobody good, and the action of the Water Company may induce some of our chief civic abstainers to join the Semi-Teetotal Association.

* * *

An Italian musician is stated to have discovered that a refined and eloquent music can be produced from no other source than an ivy leaf, and now the unrefined English streets which have invested in notices of "No barrel-organs allowed here" will have to add: "Or Leaves."

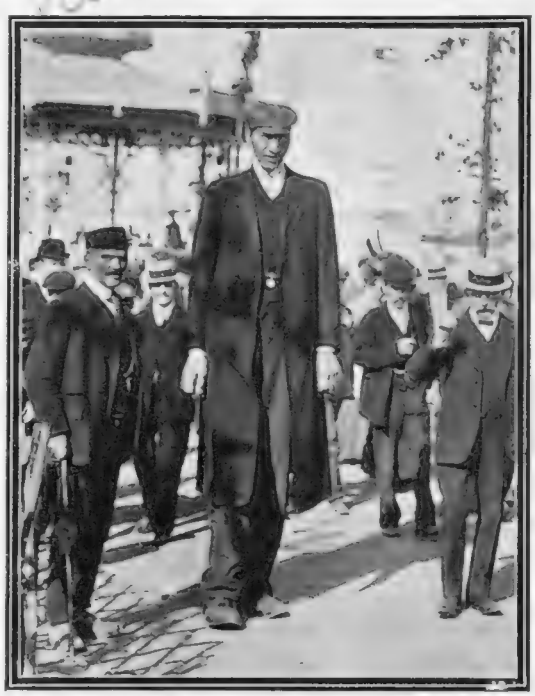


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Russian Giant at the Exhibition

Machnow, the Russian giant, who recently appeared at the Hippodrome, pays a visit to Shepherd's Bush, and proves a counter attraction to the Flip-Flap and the Scenic Railway

Any Sluggard to Mr. Willett

(Who believes that his Daylight Saving Bill will be passed.)

Who wants to take my sleep and kill it,
Turn on my bath at dawn and chill it,
Seize up my cup of joy and spill it?—
Willett!

Say, sunshine's good enough, but still it
Can also make one awfully ill. It
Would, if I were "billed" as you would bill it—
Willett!

That's why I trust the House (Heaven fill it!)
Will take your odious Bill and kill it,
Nor make *me* rise just when *you*, Willett,
Will it!

* * *

Hints on Hat Trimming

("Birdy" wishes to know about her garden; "Puzzled" about her hat. The following advice will be found useful to both inquirers.)

Make a plan in your mind's eye of what you wish to do with your 17 by 8 yards material. In the centre we recommend a little green plot, with a path running through. What will set this off better than a herbaceous border—including such well-known flowers as the delphinium, the tiger lily, the columbine, and the holly-hock? Use dahlias freely. In (1) the garden, these should be of a natural colour; in (2) the hat, they should be either grey or baked-earth colour. Have your rose-arch to the left, with another green patch—the south lawn—beyond. Stand a sundial on this in the case of (1) the garden. A couple of peacocks may be tethered on the north terrace, where also your bedding-out plants may be placed. Blue geraniums will suit (2) the hat, but gardeners must content themselves with more ordinary tints. Netting to keep off the birds may be obtained from the East Coast in the case of (1) the garden. Sal-volatile should be kept by (2) the hat-wearers, and applied freely to cabmen and others who seem faint on seeing them. Never forget to let your friends enjoy what they may not have (1) the industry, (2) the courage to cultivate themselves. Too much soot is injurious, but in moderate quantities will (1) stimulate, and (2) tone down what we are sure will be a very charming *ensemble*.—"Lady Emily."

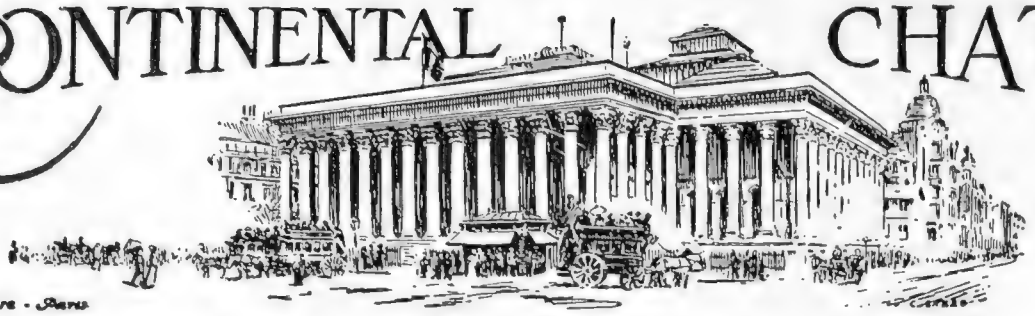
The Real Reason?

OVERHEARD NEAR THE ALBERT HALL DURING THE PAN-ANGLICAN CONGRESS

She: "Tell me, Archie, what brings all these clergymen together here?"
Archie (of wide knowledge): "Oh, why—aw—they have to meet like this now and again, don't cher know, to exchange sermons!"

BY LAWSON WOOD

CONTINENTAL CHAT



The Diamond Jubilee Pageant

The Diamond Jubilee Pageant in Vienna was one of he most brilliant ceremonies which have taken place for many years on the Continent. The first group was of particular interest, for in it figured the descendants of the noblest families of the Empire. No country lends itself like Austria-Hungary to costume effects, and eve ything was done to enhance the picturesqueness of the scene that velvet, embroidery, and gilt could afford. This is the first occasion which has presented itself for bringing all the elements of the heterogeneous State together to do homage to the aged Monarch, who is practically all they have in common.

* * *

Norway to be Very Popular This Year

Whether the King will be able to carry out his intention of revisiting Norway this year is at present uncertain. Still, the Norwegians will not have to complain of a bad season. The land of the midnight sun "has caught on," to use the popular phrase, and Norway, hitherto unspoilt by tourists, seems destined to become a second Switzerland. Now that a railway from Bergen to Christiania is shortly to be opened, travelling will certainly be easier, but by no means so delightful. The British Channel Fleet, consisting of fifty-three vessels, is expected this week to visit Christiania, under the command of Lord Charles Beresford, and many fêtes have been arranged. Many English devotees of the rod have found, to their disappointment, that all the best fishing is taken.

Mr. W. K. VANDERBILT

Photo *Bolak*

The Grand Prix Smile! Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt Quite Pleased with his Triumph at Longchamp

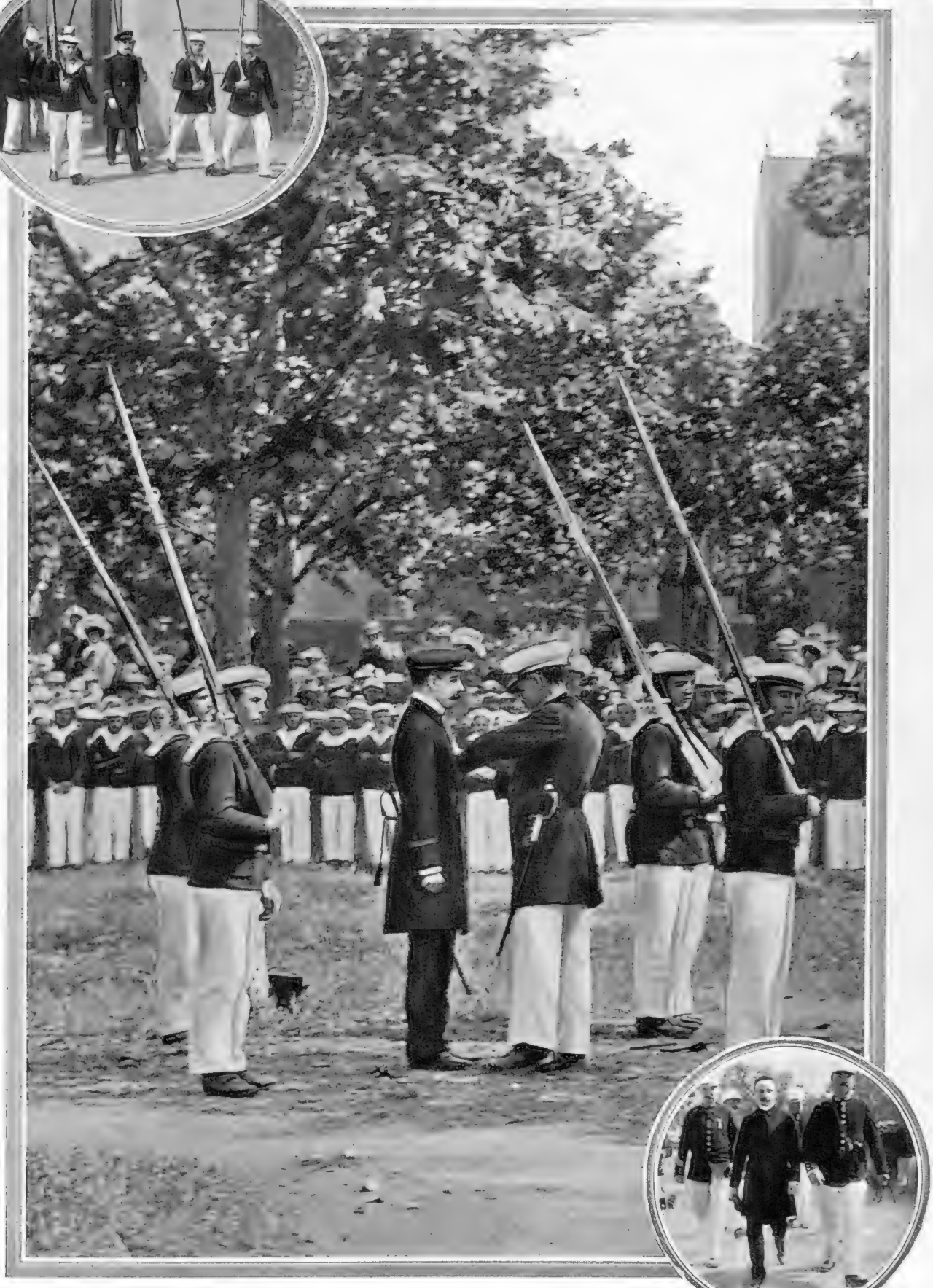
The Grand Prix at Longchamp is of a value of £12,000, so no wonder Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt smiled when his horse North-East won the race. A hundred thousand Parisians saw his triumph, and all the Americans in Paris went wild and painted Montmartre a red of the scarletest dye. Mr. Vanderbilt has a country house at Poissy, outside Paris. He won the French Derby in 1906

* * *

Ullmo

The public degradation of an officer for treason is one of those penalties which, like public executions, are not of our time. Such "execution" ought to take place within the prison walls, if at all. Twenty thousand people congregated at Toulon to see the sad spectacle of Ullmo's disgrace. The victim was escorted in full regimentals by his ex-company to the appointed spot. There an officer stepped forward and tore off all the military insignia, finishing with drawing the sword from its scabbard and breaking the blade across his knee. The degraded officer was then escorted back to prison. The last occasion of a public degradation was that of Dreyfus.

A Degradation Drama: ULLMO THE UNMOVED



Photos *Graphic Photo Union and L.E.A.*

Escorted to his Last Parade | STRIPPED OF HIS REGIMENTALS | Led Back to Prison

Although the newspapers gave harrowing descriptions of the effect of the degradation on the traitor Ullmo, at Toulon, the evidence of the photograph, as is here to be seen, hardly bears out these assertions. Ullmo, indeed, looks as composed as anybody, and the scene had none of the intensely dramatic aspects which made the degradation of Dreyfus so memorable

Concerning the Khedive

The Khedive's Visit

The Khedive, who is now visiting us again, has not been in England for nine years, and has looked forward with the greatest interest to seeing many old friends. As a child he was partly brought up in this country, and, in spite of his longer association later on with his comrades at the gymnasium (college) at Vienna, and his stay still later on at Lausanne, he has never felt any such attachment as for his English friends. This, by the way, to a large extent explains why he sympathises so with the English rule in his own country, where another might have felt as rebellious as a householder with a man in charge. He feels that in the English he has friends, and he has had in Lord Cromer something more than a mentor. In fact, few protected Sovereigns have had such advantages as the Khedive, and few have been able to benefit by them to such an extent as he.

Photo] **The Khedive** *[E.N.A.*

Now in London, which he has not visited for nine years. His visit is said to have political significance

* * *

In Private Life

The Khedive is of medium height, very dark, of course, and has the saddest eyes I have ever seen. He is passionately fond of music, and when in Europe attends as many concerts as possible. Although he takes an active part in most of the social functions in Cairo, he does not care for gaiety, and leaves the country as soon as he can. Towards the end of June his friends in Constantinople look forward to seeing his yacht, the *Makhroussie*, a charming little vessel daintily decked in white and gold, and with luxuriously furnished cabins, sailing up the Bosphorus. The Khedive accompanies his wife and mother to their lovely palace on the shores of the Bosphorus, where they spend the summer, while he takes the waters at Carlsbad. The Khedive, unlike the Sultan, has no Imperial harem. His wife was a beautiful Circassian slave, bought by his mother chiefly on account of her beauty, from a powerful Turkish Pasha for less than £80. The Khedive's mother, who is renowned for her intelligence as well as her good looks (she is wonderfully preserved in spite of her sixty-three years) gives her son advice on every subject, and he blindly follows her in everything. Fortunately for him, she has a great influence over the Sultan, for Abdul Hamid is jealous of Egyptians for more than one reason.

Photo *Bolak*

A Peaceful Scene in the Troubled Isle of Samos

The people of the beautiful island of Samos—one of the most fertile islands in the Archipelago—which has recently been the scene of sanguinary fights between the Samians and the Turkish troops, and of political warfare between the local government body and Prince Kopassis Effendi, the representative of Ottoman Suzerainty, are Greek in language, religion, and also in the passion for politics

A Club in the Clouds

NEW YORK RAILWAY MAGNATES' CURIOUS SKY-SCRAPER QUARTERS

(1)
The Reading Room

(2)
Not a Dentist's—only the Shaving Saloon

(3)
The Barred—but not neglected—Bar

The latest of New York's clubs is the Railroad, perched aloft on the two top—the 22nd and 23rd—floors of the Hudson Terminal Building, and it already has over 500 members. All suggestion of the rush and tumble of American railway travel is avoided, and all the apartments are luxuriously fitted. One of the special features of the club is its beautiful roof gardens, of which there are three. Magnificent views are obtainable, and from the river side on a clear day the woods on the Orange Mountains beyond Newark are plainly visible. Who will say that the railway magnates have not chosen this lofty position for their club premises so that they may have a better opportunity of watching the progress of the aeroplanists and airship makers, who may soon prove serious rivals in the art of transportation! Something in the way of a Railway Club near some of our great termini, where regular railway passengers could get temporary accommodation when train-waiting, is an idea which is worth the consideration of some of our enterprising business men. Constant train travellers would be quite willing to pay a small subscription for some rendezvous of this sort, which is now totally lacking

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

THE SUNDAYS NEXT BEFO

BEFORE: A STROLL (WITH OTHER STROLLERS) IN THE PARK

CHURCH (?) PARADERS ACTUALLY PARADING

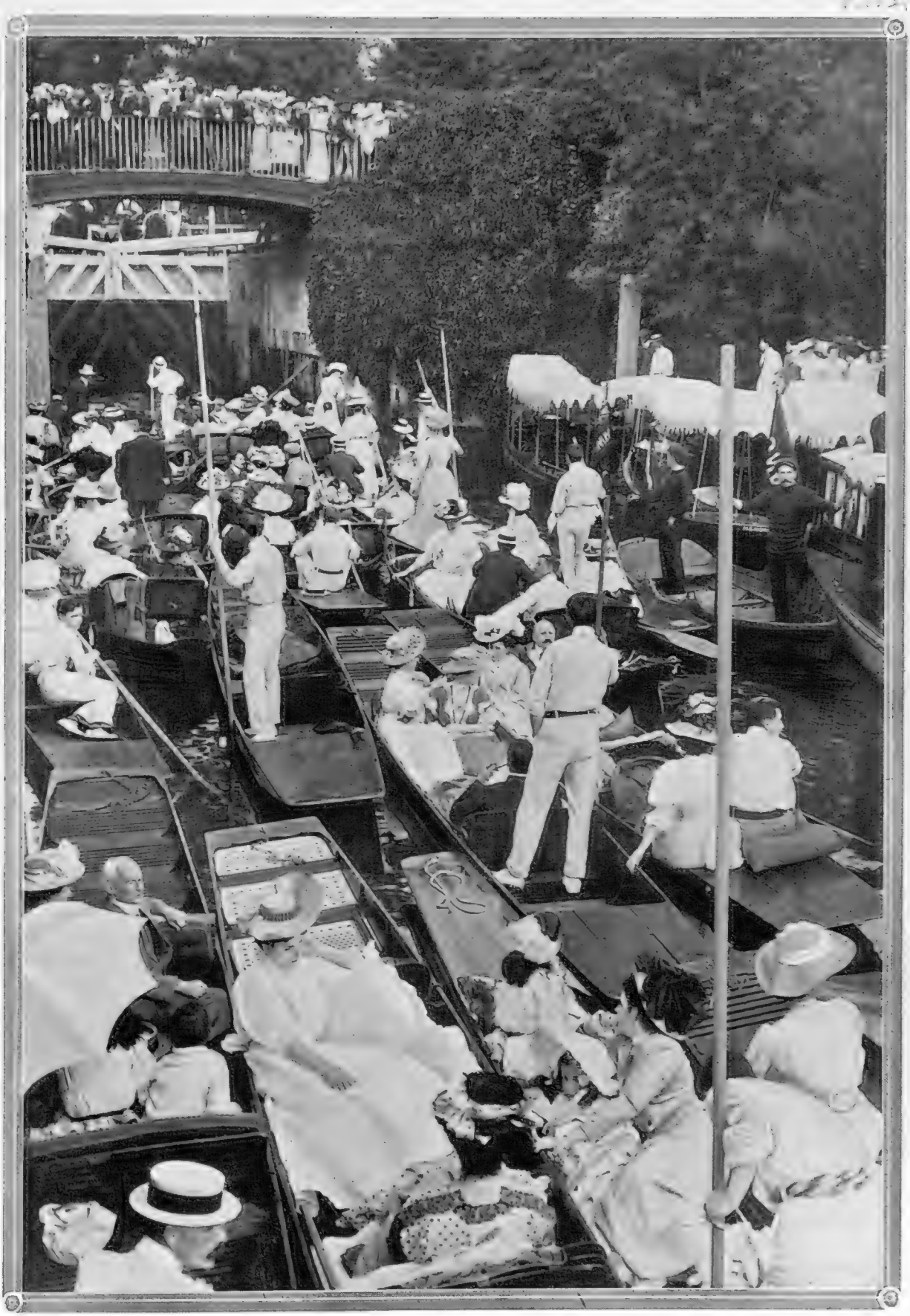
Photos] WATCHING CHURCH PARADERS PARADE

TWO ONE-TIME POPULAR SOCIAL MOVE

Hyde Park is not what it used to be. There is a sad falling off in the "quality" of the paraders who, we used to think, had been to church. Once everybody who was anybody could be seen in the Park at Church Parade, especially on the Sunday before Ascot. Now from a variety of causes, the habit of week-ending out of town among them, people in exalted circles frequent it no more, and though on the Sunday

AND NEXT AFTER ASCOT

AFTER: A PUNT (WITH OTHER PUNTERS) ON THE RIVER



IN THE DOLDRUMS AT BOULTER'S LOCK [*H. W. Nichells*

WHICH SHOW DECIDED SIGNS OF DECLINE

before Ascot this year there was a large crowd at the parade, there were fewer notable people than ever, and "Ascot dresses" were conspicuous by their absence. It is the same on the river. The once-delightful S nday r.w is being filled by the motor-launch—that terror of the Thames —whose invasion of the beautiful river is a thing to be d plored

A Royal Beggar Maid

AT THE LYCEUM

MISS NORA KERIN IN "THE PRINCE AND THE BEGGAR MAID"
In that exciting and enjoyable melodrama at the Lyceum, Miss Nora Kerin, the Princess Monica of Illyria, visits the camp of her country's invaders disguised as a beggar maid

Photo *Rita Martin*

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES.—NO. 135.

THE COURT OF HONOUR

A TALE OF THE EXHIBITION.

By ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

THE Court of Honour at the Exhibition was one fantastic white glare of snowy minaret and balcony in the glow of the June sunshine. Boats laden with colour and passengers drifted about like gorgeous-feathered birds on the blue face of the water, and music twittered in and out between the rushing of waterfalls, the rustle of silken petticoats, and the idle progress of many feet.

Gaudy parasols, like nodding and swaying tulips, glided dutifully along beside black-coated men, and a long, intricate ballet of women in summer-coloured gowns leaned across the white lines of the endless balustrades.

Claverhouse had idled almost the whole day away amid the transitory white glories of the place. He had lingered among the nose-jewelled beauties in the Ceylon Village, where minute, brown-coloured children, with glaring waist-bands, tumbled in and out of the sunshine, and the monkeys chattered angrily before the images scrawled upon the plaster walls. He had watched the swaying stolidity of the loose-skinned elephant, that swung to and fro or lumbered along with huge clock-working joints beneath its weight of delighted children. He had seen everything, from the intricate propriety of railway machinery and the varied mechanical processes which were the lungs of commerce, down to the manufacture of chocolate and the hot-house growths and productions of French art. Now he was leaning against the balustrade, a living monument of grey-flannelled, clean-shaven British manhood.

A little flock of thin, bare-legged, French children, all white embroidery and pink ribbons, rushed past, screaming excitedly, waving great orange-coloured balloons. A party of American tourists, in bath-chairs, with long floating veils streaming over their hats in cascades, looked up at the Moorish minarets and balconies, murmuring as they were rolled past:

"My! ain't it just too Frenchy for words!"

Two workmen, with wide-scattered families and awe-stricken wives, stared open-mouthed and went on again with reverential slowness, as though walking on holy ground. Claverhouse watched it all, and smiled indulgently. When a man has been everywhere there is to go, done everything there is to do, possesses everything that is worth having, surely there is nothing for him left but to smile indulgently at other people. But all of a sudden his smile faded and a keen look of interest pervaded his eyes. A slight figure, in demure-coloured grey, surmounted by an absolutely charming and immoral hat, was coming delicately on high heels through the openwork tangle of the crowd. One of her hands rested on the long, slender handle of a scarlet parasol, and the other caught at the folds of her gown and an impossible array of gold bags and vanity boxes that clattered joyfully with her every step. A huge Pierrot ruffle was around her throat, and a diamond pendant gleamed among the frills and laces on her breast.

Claverhouse became abruptly aware that she was absolutely charming. He also experienced a new satisfaction as he settled the carnation in his button-hole and saw how well his own grey clothes matched those of the divinity with the scarlet parasol. People's eyes followed her with interest, and their remarks with conjecture. Claverhouse did both at first, and then slipped into the crowd and followed her in reality. She was just in front of him, and he could hear the soft swish of her petticoats and catch the shrill rattle of her chatelaine. She perched herself on one of the waiting rickshaws, and was whirled away down the path. Claverhouse also clambered into one of the theatrical-looking arrangements, and his runner broke into a rapid trot in the same direction. On either side a broad ribbon of flowers shone and quivered in the sunshine. The strains of the red-coated bands came in little jerks and starts through the air as it swiftly rushed past his ears. It was certainly the day for adventures. The colour, the music, the crowd, and, above all, the pulsing June sunlight, seemed to get into his blood and drive all sense of propriety and convention before it. Just ahead of him the charming and alluring confection of millinery fluttered as though beckoning him on. Then she suddenly put up her scarlet parasol, which seemed to wink back at him like a huge red eye. They fled past the staid, white faces of the buildings, and the high-flying riot of flags, and finally both rickshaws came to a breathless stop at the starting point. She stood up slowly, and shook out her intrigue of skirts, then jumped lightly to the ground, and paid her dark, grinning driver from the collection of gold nonsense that swung from her wrist. Then her eyes fell on Claverhouse, and made a hurried survey of him, beginning with his hat ribbon and ending with the blue spots on his socks. He felt the blood slowly creep up under his sunburnt cheeks. There never has been an Englishman yet who could submit to the foreign trick of the interested stare without showing that he feels it.

Claverhouse, despite his experience, was no exception. He shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, and turned to settle with his driver. When he next looked up she was gone. He felt all of a sudden an extraordinary sense of loss, and drifted out into the crowd again with a dissatisfied sigh. There were dozens of scarlet parasols and countless charming hats, there were even demure-coloured gowns and saucy Pierrot ruffles, but they absolutely failed to make up for the loss of the one and only hat, parasol, and jangling chatelaine. He turned at last into the picture gallery, and went slowly up and down between the gold lines of colour-filled frames. Then, at the far end, he saw her. She was leaning forward in an attitude of breathless attention, inspecting the catalogue. On the seat beside her lay the scarlet parasol and the chatelaine, and one of her long, grey gloves had fallen unheeded to the floor. Claverhouse came slowly past her, and,

(*Continued on page 668*)

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

(*Continued from page 667*)

stooping, picked it up. She looked suddenly from the catalogue, and start d.

"I thank you, monsieur."

Her voice was very, very soft, and her eyes—well, even Claverhouse, who knew a good deal about women's eyes, absolutely failed to analyse them. He passed on, and raised his hat.

"Monsieur."

Claverhouse thrilled, and turned abruptly back. She looked up timidly, and there were tears on the dark line of her eyelashes.

"I cannot find my picture."

She beat the printed face of the catalogue with her jewelled fingers.

Claverhouse sat hurriedly down beside her, endeavouring to look delighted with her proximity, and sympathetic over her trouble.

"You have lost your picture, Mamzelle?"

His voice was almost a caress in words. She nodded tearfully, and dragged a perfectly ridiculous handkerchief from among her laces, applying it to her eyes.

"Where?" demanded Claverhouse, looking firstly under the bench and then beneath the scarlet parasol, as though they were both likely places of concealment. She paused, and smiled with the handkerchief half raised to her eyes. It reminded Claverhouse of all the brightness of a June day crammed into the sad, rainy hours of April.

"It is not hanged." Here she waved her arm across the long lines of pictures that faced them.

"You are an artist?" he questioned.

She nodded.

"And have sent your picture from Paris?"

She repeated the action.

"And now you cannot discover it among the loan collection?" he finished up.

Once more the laces in the tantalisingly charming hat waved themselves in acquiescence. Together they searched up and down the length of the catalogue, with no success. Their heads were very close together.

"It is the pigs of the wharf," she said, with conviction, beating a small, grey slipper on the floor in a veritable passion.

"Without doubt the pigs of the wharf," he asserted, hurriedly. Then they said nothing for quite three minutes. The crowd in front of them kept changing like theatrical scenery, as the people swept by in changing eddies of motion and colour. At last she stood up, and slowly gathered her chatelaine and parasol between her fingers.

"Monsieur has been most kind," she said, with that foreign simplicity that may mean much or nothing.

"Let Monsieur be kinder," stammered Claverhouse, feeling as though his collar had suddenly become four sizes smaller.

Her eyebrows curved into a dark line of surprise, and he heard one shoe again at work tapping the floor.

"Come and dine," he suggested, trying to speak as though he really didn't care one way or the other.

"Monsieur forgets himself," she exclaimed shortly.

"Monsieur forgets everything, save Mamzelle and '*Entente Cordiale*,'" murmured Claverhouse softly.

"Then I will dine with Monsieur," she said gaily, and shook out the scarlet silk of her parasol.

. . . . . .

It was later. All the buildings seemed outlined in countless golden lilies that threw a diamonded challenge of brilliance out into the black breast of the night. Slender lamp-posts blossomed into wonderful shape each with a pendant bloom of sparkling fire. Lights swung and quivered all over the Court of Honour like a cloud of restless, jewelled butterflies, and music went winding in and out among the silhouetted trees, a perfect ribbon of happiness. She was leaning a little forward, with her elbows on the table, surveying Claverhouse above the rampart of her champagne glass. Everyone around them seemed to be drinking something, and looking at somebody. There was, for the time being, a free license of the eyes that hardly ever leaves the Continent to hold court in respectable London.

Claverhouse was blowing grey curls of smoke from his cigarette, and returned her gaze with compound interest.

"You have quite forgotten about the picture?" he asked at last, leaning a little to her from his chair.

"Quite," she assented, with an odd accent on the word.

"And the pigs of the Custom House?" he went on.

She held out her hand for his cigarette, and puffed it delicately before answering.

"I have forgotten everything save that life is gay, and Monsieur the Englishman most kind." She made a quaint little bird-like nod of her beauteous, lace-bedecked hat as she finished the sentence. A big waiter, like a black dog, crept up behind, as though he would have sprung at her, and then, relenting, refilled her champagne glass. The scarlet parasol was hung to the back of her chair like a trophy of war. The thin-legged flock of French children whom Claverhouse had seen earlier in the day were sitting directly behind them, noisily eating ices and fighting for macaroons. They had tied their yellow balloons to their chairs, and the whole family looked as though any moment might find them floating upwards, chairs, table, and all. Claverhouse turned from observing them, and faced his companion.

"Tired?" he demanded, with solicitude.

She raised her shoulders in a careless shrug. The breeze had disarranged her hair in countless becoming little curls across her forehead, and the Pierrot ruffle had fallen back from a very smooth and white throat. Claverhouse paid the bill abruptly, and again they wandered along the paths.

Above all the artificial brilliance the stars shone in a shamefaced sort of way, and a scandalised moon hid dejectedly behind the broken texture of clouds. She slipped her arm very softly through his, and they came gradually out to where one of the red-coated bands was huddled together beneath a glittering structure of light like a crowd of noisy scarlet birds. They strolled and idled from one oasis of brilliancy into another. The drums beat with fantastic insistence across the boundary walls of the Ceylon Village, and the huge elephant rocked slowly backwards and forwards in the shadows like a tottering building. Somehow Claverhouse, who usually had so much to say about everything, was strangely silent. The steady noises all about them filled in the gaps in their conversation. The whole Exhibition was chattering and calling to them, and words seemed superfluous.

(*Continued on page 670*)

"Rock Ribbed and Ancient as the Sun"

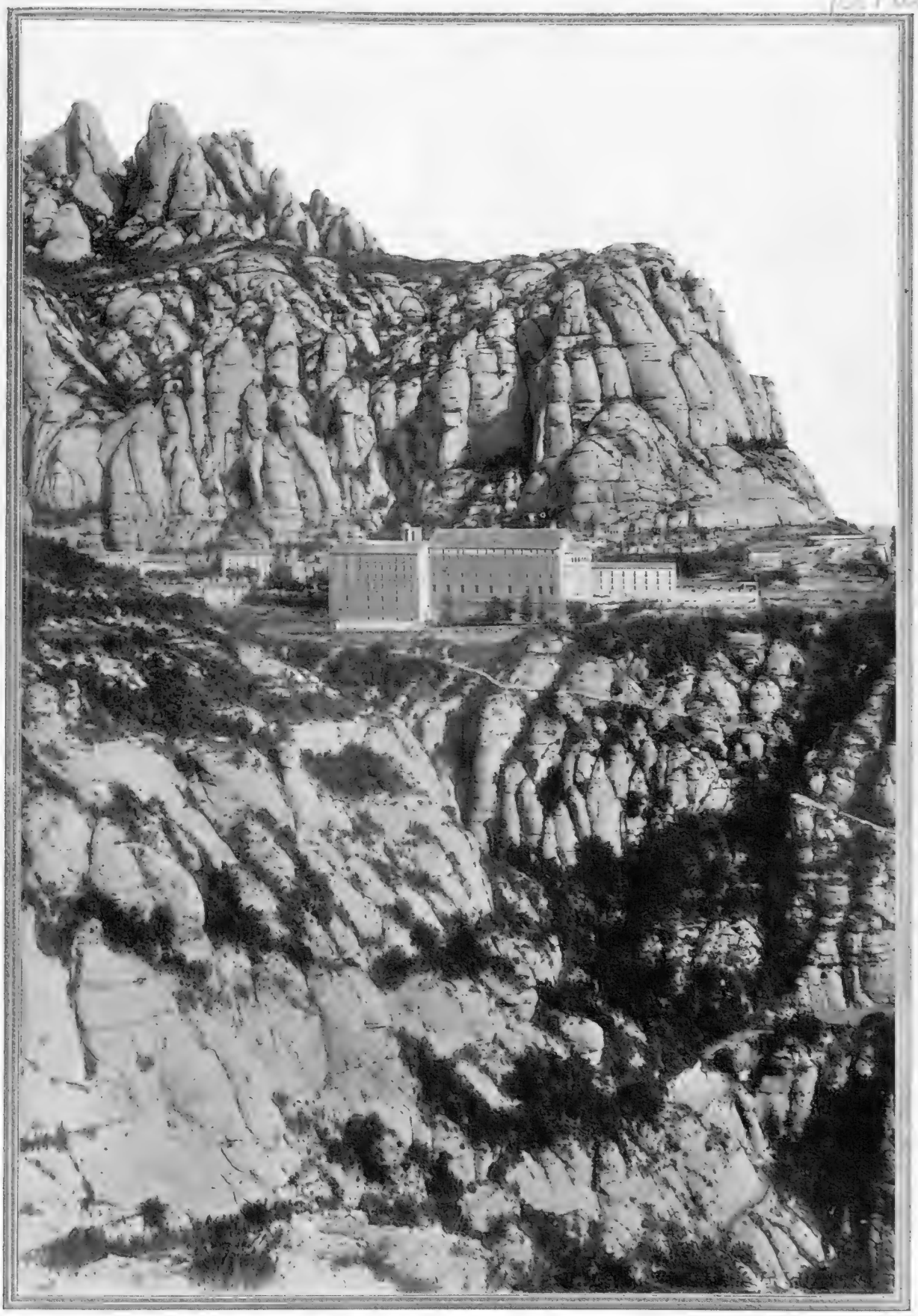


Photo *E.N.A.*

MONTSERRAT, THE FAMOUS CATALONIAN MOUNTAIN, AND ITS ANCIENT MONASTERY

Perched up almost on the summit of the famous mountain, 30 miles north-west of Barcelona, stands the old Benedictine Monastery of Montserrat, chiefly famous for its little black miracle-working image of the Virgin. Few spots have been more appropriately named than this, the saw-like, rugged, and fantastic effect of the mountain's rocky sides well meriting its title, Mons Serratus

(*Continued from page 669*)

"Has Monsieur ever been in love?" she asked at last, after a very long silence, as they were standing under the canvas walls of the Scenic Railway.

Claverhouse started abruptly, and looked down into her face. Their thoughts seemed to have been running on parallel lines. He smiled rather seriously.

"Monsieur has found love like the Scenic Railway," he said, after a moment's thought.

"The downs and the ups?" she demanded, her eyes fixed on the crowded car that rushed high and low across the painted mountains above them.

"Yes," said Claverhouse, simply following the direction of her eyes.

"Monsieur evidently does not care for travelling," she retorted with a little grimace.

"Only by the P. and O. Company," he laughed.

"The P. and O., by which Monsieur means what——?"

"The Place and Opportunity Company."

Then they both laughed in unison, but somehow Claverhouse imagined there were tears in her merriment. She ran a little ahead of him, and perched herself audaciously on a pile of building material that was stacked against the outer wall of one of the buildings. She swung her feet together in unison, and he caught the light reflected on the buckles of her shoes. He paused in front of her, and made a court bow.

"The Spirit of the Exhibition," he cried, with a wave of his hat.

"Will not Monsieur buy a season-ticket?" she asked, with a toss of her head, making room for him at her side.

"Monsieur has made bad investments before," he teased.

"I have always been what your business men call preferred stock," she retorted, seizing his hat and twirling it about on the handle of her parasol. Then they laughed again.

Now Claverhouse was sitting very, very close to her, and the place was full of shadows. Her face was turned up towards his, and somehow one of his arms was taking the waist measure of the demure grey gown. He leaned suddenly forward and kissed her full on the mouth. Then he jumped calmly off the timber pile, and said very, very slowly and distinctly:

"I will now trouble Mamzelle for my watch."

She stammered in her indignation. She knew nothing of Monsieur's watch. She had not even seen Monsieur's watch. Monsieur's behaviour was past belief. She had thought Monsieur a gentleman. Then she skipped lightly from the timber pile and shook out her skirts. In an abrupt movement Claverhouse had seized and opened the scarlet parasol. His watch fell from its silk folds with a little tingling rattle of sound. She stood perfectly still, looking at him.

"Monsieur will no doubt give me to the police," she said at last, in even tones.

"Monsieur will do nothing of the sort," said Claverhouse, slowly picking up his watch and looking at her curiously. Her hands worked convulsively.

"Why?" she demanded, in a tense whisper.

"*Entente Cordiale*," said Claverhouse, raising his hat and walking slowly away.

ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN.

Photo *Clarke and Hyde*

Sea-Trout Fishing in the Outer Hebrides: Sport on the Grimersta, Isle of Lewis

The rugged beauties of the Outer Hebrides are little known save to the ardent sportsman, for here he can enjoy remarkably good salmon and trout fishing, besides shooting. The Grimersta, which flows into Loch Roag, about fifteen miles from Stornoway, is a favourite spot for anglers, who can obtain good accommodation at the little village of Garynachini

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"The Pedestal." By Desmond Coke. (Chapman and Hall: 6s.)

"The Mystery of Myrtle Cottage." By Oswald Crawfurd. (Chapman and Hall: 6s.)

"A Commentary." By John Galsworthy. (Grant Richards: 6s.)

Schoolboy Psychology

The Pedestal (Chapman and Hall: 6*s*.) is probably the most moving and psychological of the excellent series of schoolboy novels penned by Mr. Desmond Coke. This time he takes us rather behind the scenes of his hero's past, giving us a glimpse of his early home training, and indicating its effect on his life in the "larger world" of the public school to which, at the age of fourteen, he correctly repairs. Bernard Fothergill, baronet, is the apple of the eye of his mother, who sees in him no guile, not even a *soupçon* of it. Poor Bernard is not appreciative—he knows, alas! that his is not an heroic character. Result: he develops shyness and self-consciousness in the maternal presence, which, very naturally, matures into a sort of deceitfulness.

* * *

He goes up to Malmesbury, and takes to "public school honour" like a duck to water. He tells little fibs to the Head, with the knowledge that, if in defence of a friend, there is no crime therein against the schoolboy code of honour. Developing his friendship with his senior and cousin, the slapdash and adventurous Tim, it is not long before he goes one better than fibbing. He steals—or, rather, "borrows"—silver pieces from other boys' pockets. Discovered, he is expelled, and returns in disgrace to his horrified mother.

* * *

The result is a violent rebound in that lady's feelings. Having previously deified, she now begins to diabolise him—with at first somewhat sorrowful consequences, but, later on, happier ones. Mr. Coke is to be congratulated on a powerful and intuitive piece of work, which goes to the heart of that very great problem—the home-training of the young. Particularly valuable should the story be to mothers of sons, for it shows forcibly the dangers of "spoiling"—which leads not only to the admirable virtue of conceit, but to the troublesome vice of deceit.

* * *

Feminine Audacity

The Mystery of Myrtle Cottage by Oswald Crawfurd (Chapman and Hall: 6*s*.), is a romance strongly coloured with feminist propagandism. It just shows you what women can do if they try. By merely putting on tr——, that is, men's clothing, two bright young maidens rapidly achieve fame as an artist and journalist (I did not know that to be a male was a necessary passport to success in either branch. However!) The *motif* of their changing their sex, apart from the desire for instant fame and fortune, is to escape the attentions of two base and unscrupulous admirers, Lord Armour and his cousin, types of men which hardly show Mr. Crawfurd's powers of portraying the nobility to very great advantage, for, surely, such impossible bounders as these are hardly representative. While in men's clothes, and in tenancy of Myrtle Cottage, which is up the river, the two heroines encounter two male companions with whom they, privately, fall in love. They must become women again! And so we come to a series of exciting devices, in which a motor-car, and a bogus burglary, play a prominent part, in the course of which they find a dramatic way of resuming their original sex, and winning their lovers' hearts. Altogether, a pleasant little book of the pack-and-take-away-with-you variety.

Mr. Desmond Coke

Who once more probes the depths of schoolboy life in his new story, "The Pedestal," reviewed on this page

* * *

Gloomy Philanthrophy

Under the title *A Commentary* (Grant Richards: 6*s*.), sad and gloomy Mr. John Galsworthy has collected a series of papers he has written at odd times, recording expressions of emotion which he has overheard from the lips of the submerged tenth. Old age, unemployment, marital relations, maternity, etc., etc., are among the topics, and upon each one of them a more or less depressing view is taken by those to whose grievances Mr. Galsworthy has lent a kindly ear. As the chief cause of much of the prevailing cynicism towards the sufferings of the poor is the inability of the victims of social enormities to express themselves, any man who undertakes the task of spokesman is a sort of benefactor. Those who are in any doubt as to the real feelings of the poor on the various phases of poverty (one has some oneself, when one comes to remember it) will be put right by a glance at this gloomy compilation. With all the desire in the world, however, to give credit to Mr. Galsworthy, I do not, somehow, feel great admiration for the philanthropic eavesdropper. It is not the way to get the right thing done merely to chronicle grumbles,

however genuine and deeply-felt. Our would-be reformers do far too much slumming to get at the heart of the problem of the slums. Newton solved the problem of gravitation not in a factory but under an apple-tree. Similarly, I expect, the real solvers of the problem of poverty will do their work far, indeed, from the slums. Mr. Galsworthy should himself spend a little time under apple-trees (or something similar), and, in his next "commentary" should give us not secondhand grumbles, but first hand propositions.

* * *

Abrupt Philosophy

"To possess a curt and abrupt and explosive manner of speech is worse than a misfortune. It is a calamity." Thus Mr. Bart Kennedy in *A Tramp's Philosophy*. I suppose it doesn't matter in writing, otherwise one might have to condole with Mr. Kennedy on a cataclysm—for this book is written in the curtest and most explosive of literary styles. However, it contains much picturesque sense and sound philosophy. Mr. Kennedy blarneys most beautifully for an Englishman, and his book is full of brilliant sarcasm really admirably phrased. And there is wisdom and feeling, too, in his philosophy. Had one not read Walt Whitman, one might have suspected him of being something quite new in English prose.

* * *

Irene Osgood's Latest

Miss Irene Osgood, the author of *To a Nun Confess'd*, has written a long novel, entitled *Servitude*, which will be published by Messrs. Sisley in a few days. *Servitude* deals with the adventures of an Englishman who is taken prisoner by the Algerian corsairs—the date of the book is the year 1815-1816—and is made a slave. In this condition he falls in love with a beautiful Virginian girl, who is staying with the family of Hugh McDonnell, the British Consul to the Dey of Algiers. In spite of his abject condition and presumable helplessness, the slave is able to befriend the woman of his heart. Indeed, on more than one occasion he saves her life. The story is full of moving adventure. One of the incidents deals with the capture of one of Omar Pasha's sultanas, who, being pursued by her husband's police on a charge of having murdered his new favourite, flies for sanctuary to a mosque. Here she is being starved to death, when Betty Langhorne—that is the name of the charming heroine—taking compassion on her miserable condition, comes to her rescue and brings her food. However, in the end Omar has his will of his guilty wife, and Hayque, the Sultana, is sent on her "Ride to Death," to be flung off the Penon tower into the sea. Betty by her act of kindness has put herself in Omar's power, and the terrible use he wishes to make of the opportunity afforded him to get her, with the way in which he is checkmated by the faithful "Brown"—that is the name under which the hero is passing—form the main interest of the concluding chapters of the book. Miss Irene Osgood spent a whole winter in Algiers, residing in an antique Moorish villa on the Mustapha Hill, for the purpose of collecting materials for this important book.

V.C.

An Indian Railway Smash: Engines Telescoped after a Collision

In a railway accident between two passenger trains at Ghaziabad, near Morodabad, Delhi, recently, fourteen were killed, including the four Europeans who formed the engine crews, and thirty-seven were injured. All the killed and injured were natives, except the engine crews. There were two wedding parties on board. Both trains were completely wrecked, and the engines, colliding with terrific force, assumed the positions shown in our photograph. Gallant rescue work was done by two Englishmen—Mr. Tench and Mr. Scott, of Delhi.

OUTDOOR LIFE

HORSE SHOWS

Richmond and Olympia

We are now at the height of the horse show season. Richmond, with its particularly brilliant display of horses in all departments, has come and gone, and we are now in the midst of the marvellous show at Olympia, which opened on Thursday last. Most of the crack hunters and harness horses were seen at the Richmond Show, and it will be interesting to compare the awards made there with the opinions of the judges at the International Horse Show this week, as there are sure to be some quaint reversals of form. All the papers during the past few days have been full of the glories of the Olympia Show. We have been told of the lavishness of the decorations, of the perfection of the general arrangements, and of the splendour of the various classes. Royalty has given its patronage to the show in unsparing fashion, and there has been nothing to interfere with its great social success. The display comes to an end on Saturday evening, with the seventeenth performance, and meanwhile there are many wonderfully interesting classes for visitors to see.

Attractions to Come

Every performance concludes with some superb jumping, which is alone sufficient to draw the crowd. Thursday afternoon promises to be one of the greatest dates of the Show, as the members of the Coaching Club are to drive to Olympia after their meet, and there will be a competition for the best coach and team. No doubt this will be well contested, for the members of the Club are very proud of their turn-outs, and, in the keenest friendly rivalry, will throw themselves wholeheartedly into this opportunity of comparing the general merits of the coaches and teams. On Thursday evening we shall see six young harness horses in the ring competing for the Champion Cup, and on the following evening excitement is bound to run exceedingly high, for the jumpers will be fighting out the Championship over the whole course. Saturday will be a sort of clearing up day in the various sections of the class. None but the best will enter the ring, and the programme for the three performances simply bristles with challenge cups. All lovers of the horse cannot but feel extremely gratified at the huge success of the Olympia venture, which shows that the motor-car is not having things all its own way.

Winner of the First Prize: Mr. Grange's Rufus

The Second Prize Winner: Mr. A. Nixey-Smith's Monarque

Photos *Sport and General*

White Rose, belonging to Mr. John Colman, Winner of the Third Prize

The highly successful Richmond Horse Show concluded with a special high jump competition, always a most popular feature, the three winners of which are given above

JUMPING AT THE RICHMOND SHOW

POLO

Cantabs the Polo Champions

In the swift rush of sporting events usual at this time of the year, the tournament for the Champion Cup at Hurlingham will have been almost forgotten by the time these lines reach the reader. Yet I fancy that those who witnessed the final tie between the Old Cantabs and Rugby will always recall the former's display as one of the finest things they ever saw on the polo field. The Cantabs were simply magnificent. Captain George Bellville, who only got his place in the team by the merest chance, did extraordinarily

The Polo Champion Cup Winners

Photos] **The Deed—** **—And Its Reward** *[Dixon*

That veteran sportsman, the Earl of Harrington, was one of the most strenuous figures at a recent gymkhana held at Roehampton, where he was successful in winning one of the events. On the right is shown his lordship, in high good humour, just after receiving his prize from the Countess of Huntingdon

THE VETERAN EARL OF HARRINGTON WINS A PRIZE AT THE POLO GYMKHANA AT ROEHAMPTON

well, and has suddenly jumped into fame as one of the finest Number I.'s of the day. There may be players in this position more brilliant than this young officer of the 16th Lancers, but there are none who play the orthodox game more correctly than he does. He is entirely unselfish, and never plays to the gallery, thus adding immensely to the effectiveness of the combination of his side. It was delightful to see the way in which he often got the upper hand of an experienced back like Mr. Charles Miller, who found the attentions of the Cantab's No. 1 very disconcerting all the way through the game. Lord Woodhouse, too, did brilliantly for the winning side, and Mr. Buckmaster and Mr. Freake played up to their great reputations. Altogether the Cambridge team thoroughly deserved the Championship of polo.

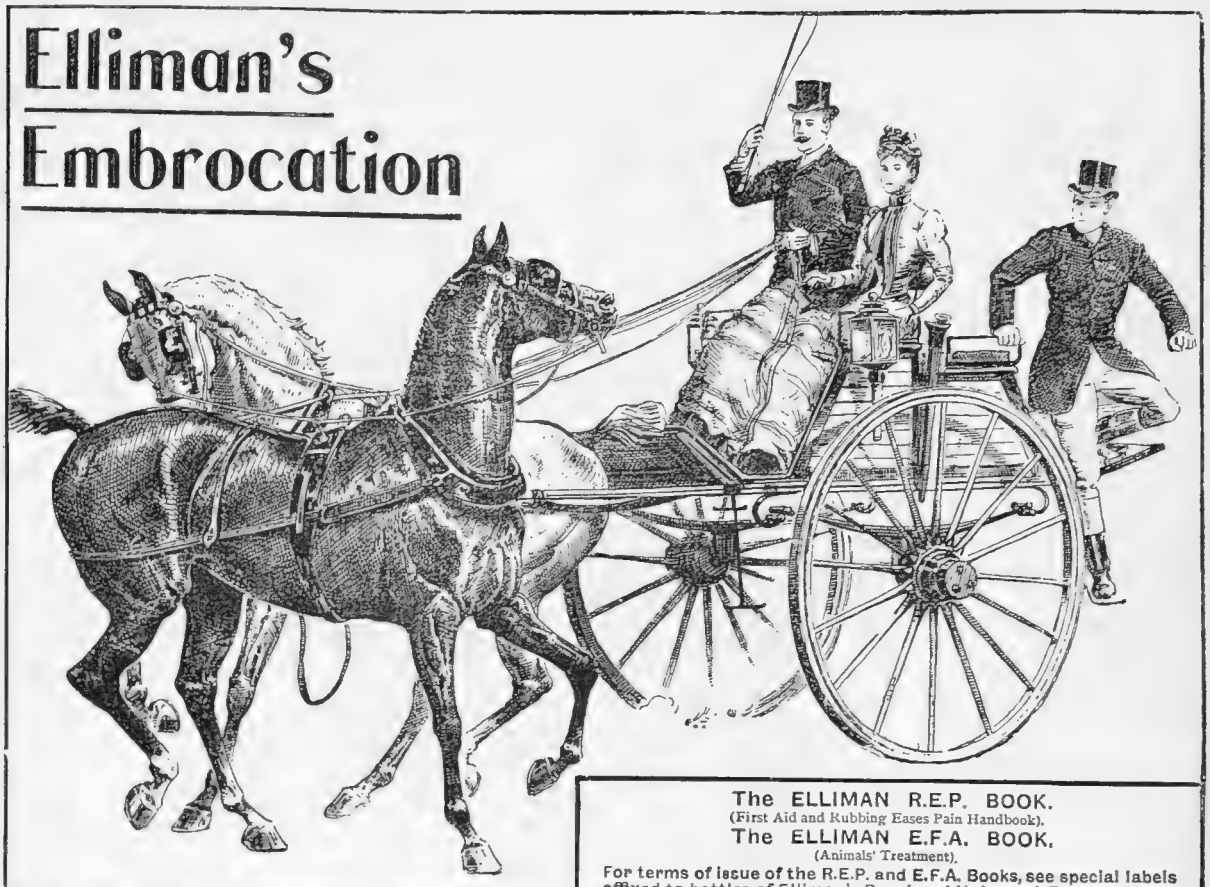
The International Match

At the end of this week there is to be a great game at Hurlingham. The Irishmen have left their native shores to take on the pick of England, and we may expect some fast and exciting play on Saturday. So tremendously strong is the team which has been chosen to represent England that I am afraid that Ireland will enter the field with the odds dead against them. I think the Hurlingham people would have made the affair more attractive had they been content to pick a weaker side, even though at the risk of a defeat. The fact is that Irish polo is nothing like so strong as English, and our friends in Dublin will soon grow tired

Photo] **The Old Cantabs Win the Champion Cup at Hurlingham: The Victors taking the Ball up the Field** *[Sport and General*

The final of the Champion Cup at Hurlingham resulted in a win for the old Cantabs over the Rugby team by 6 goals to 4, this making the third time they have won the cup. Magnificent play was witnessed, and Lord Wodehouse and Captain Bellville did particularly well for the Cambridge team

Elliman's Embrocation



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English and Irish Teams

No. 1 for England is Captain Herbert Wilson, who has improved to a marvellous extent in his play during the past four or five seasons, and is one of the best-mounted players. In the centre of the team will be Mr. Buckmaster and Mr. Freake, quite the best men in their positions who could have been selected, while at back will be found Mr. P. W. Nickalls, who never plays so well as when he has Mr. Buckmaster in front of him. It is difficult to see where the four could possibly have been improved upon. Of the Irish players, Captain H. Lloyd is very well-known in London polo. He is one of the grandest hitters, and, when taking a shot from the fifty yards mark, very rarely misses the goal. Major Rotherham and Mr. P. P. Reilly are also known at Hurlingham and elsewhere, as they came over to play for the Irish team two years ago, but the remaining member of the side, Mr. J. McCann, is a comparative stranger to us, and his play in the match will be watched with much interest. However good the combination may be, I cannot anticipate any other result but the decisive success of England.

Marsham and Dillon Going to Resume Batting after Lunch

In the Tonbridge Cricket Week match against Gloucestershire Marsham showed quite his old form, making 116, the highest score. Dillon made 25.

CRICKET

Marsham is Himself Again

Every county is famous for something, and in the minds of sportsmen Kent is famous for its cricket weeks. It can boast of two which cannot be beaten anywhere. Canterbury, of course, comes first, but Tonbridge—which was last week—runs it close. Appropriately enough the opening of the festival brought with it a welcome return to form on the part of C. H. B. Marsham, who had been dead out of luck and had made no big score for goodness knows how long. His 116 against Gloucestershire was not a faultless innings, but it pleased everybody because it was felt to be his due, and it should do much to give him renewed confidence in himself.

Surrey's Revenge

Surrey's career this season is being watched with interest. Their enviable faculty for winning matches, might, if preserved, secure them a place among the hopeful candidates for the Championship, for at present Yorkshire seem to be the only team with which they compare. Lancashire beat Surrey last year by seventy-six runs. Last week Surrey turned the tables on their old opponents, and, thanks to the remarkably steady and equal bowling of Rushby and Lees, and the perfect fielding of the rest of the eleven, beat them by an innings and 117 runs.

Photos *Sport and General*

Kent's Victory over Gloucestershire at Tonbridge: Dennett bowling to Marsham, the Kent Captain

The Tonbridge Cricket Week, this year more popular than ever, was somewhat tamely opened with Kent's easy victory, by an innings and 126 runs, over Gloucestershire. Marsham's success in making 116 runs for Kent, and Jessop's failure to make more than 26 in both innings for Gloucestershire, were the features of a not very brilliant match

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The Greenhouse in Summer

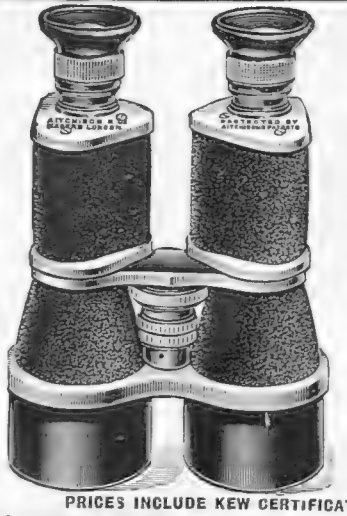
THE GARDEN. By H. C. DAVIDSON

A Fine Race of Flowering Shrubs

Like most other shrubs, the various species of broom (*Cytisus*) have flowered magnificently this spring. They are extremely effective plants, either in large or in small groups, and especially when growing in grass. A well-known landscape gardener, who already has a large number in his own grounds, is so impressed with their decorative value that he is going to plant four thousand more. The two commonest brooms are the English (yellow) and the Spanish (white), but there are many others, some with the yellow blotched with red. In C. Andreanus, which is very beautiful, the blotches are bronze. It is often grown in pots, but is quite hardy. C. præcox is another charming hybrid, small and compact in habit, with creamy yellow flowers. All the brooms may be propagated by layering, and this is the speediest method of increasing a stock. Cuttings of partly ripened wood will also root in light soil in a shaded frame. But if many plants are wanted, the most economical way is to sow seed in a reserve bed, and to transplant the seedlings when they are large enough. They must be protected from rabbits, otherwise they may all be nibbled to the level of the ground.

The Greenhouse in Summer

Although the majority of plants are better in the open air during the summer, there are some which must be kept under glass, and the task of supplying them with sufficient moisture is often a difficult one. Company water is rarely suitable for the purpose, for it is nearly always hard, and a very small percentage of lime is often injurious, especially to rhododendrons and azaleas. Moreover, if used as drawn from the tap, it is at a much lower temperature than the atmosphere, and so checks growth. To this cause must be ascribed the frequent failures with such plants as gloxinias. The simplest way to overcome the difficulty is to have a large storage tank for rain water in the house itself, and, if there is a chance of the supply running short, to keep it for the most important plants, using other water for damping the floor, and so forth. Plenty of fresh air is scarcely less essential than plenty of good water. Whilst draughts should be avoided, the ventilators and even the door should be open all day long, and even at night they should not be completely closed. Most plants are far hardier than are generally supposed, and to keep them continually in a damp, hot atmosphere results merely in soft and useless growth, which puts them at the mercy of all manner of insect and fungoid pests. Very heavy shading, though it now seems to be a common practice, has much the same effect. Though it certainly delays the fading of many flowers, it cannot but weaken the foliage, and for that reason is bad—except in the case of such plants as grow naturally in the shade.



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Henry Wright, Esq., Wellington, New Zealand, writes December 26th, 1907:—
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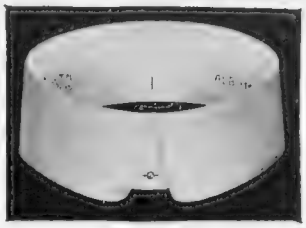

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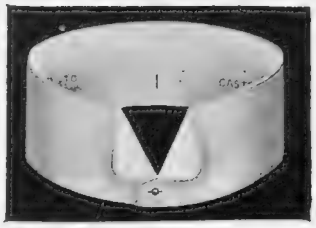

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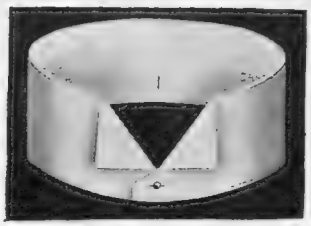

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A Varied Ascot

RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE

Royal Ascot

Ascot under widely differing conditions was seen by those many thousands who religiously attended the Royal meeting on each of its four days. Tuesday, dull, but not unpleasant; Wednesday, horrible for its rain, and a nightmare to remember; Thursday, charmingly fine, and the most brilliant day of all for the fashionable crowd; Friday, again delightful in weather and the absence of crush. That is an epitome of the most notable racing *évènement* of the year; and there was one thing which never varied—the sport. This was simply magnificent all the way through. It was never a question of picking out the best day's racing; they were all equally good. The attendances were fully up to the average, the new public stand proved a great success, and the London and South-Western Railway simply surpassed itself in the conveyance of the enormous crowds which went from Waterloo and back.

The Hero of Two Gold Cups

Perhaps of all the memories of the week the one which will linger longest is that of The White Knight's victory in the Gold Cup. We all expected him to win, of course, yet there was something peculiarly impressive in the sight of this fine horse cantering home with a clear lead of two lengths after making most of his own running. A leading Turf writer is never tired of assuring us that The White Knight is "no wonder," persisting in this strange opinion in spite of the fact that nearly every other intelligent student of racing form believes that the horse is one of the mightiest stayers seen on the Turf for a quarter of a century. It would be very pleasant to see such a champion in his Majesty's stud farm, to which he may ultimately go. Perhaps the most disappointing feature of last week's meeting was the fact that the King's colours were never once first past the post.

Reputations Won and Regained.

We shall also remember Ascot for the resuscitation of Lesbia. It was feared this charming filly had lost her form, but last week she showed us that it was only a temporary loss, and now she is probably as brilliant as ever. We recall, too, the magnificent burst of speed shown by Americus Girl, and I think we can safely give Ireland the credit of having produced the fastest and the stoutest performers now in training. I should take Americus Girl to beat anything you could bring against her—even Solferino—at weight for age over five or six furlongs, and my reference to the stoutest horse is obviously to The White Knight. Another animal which added vastly to his reputation at the meeting was Llangwm, whose triumph over such good cattle as Dean Swift and Nero was rather surprising, as we had begun to think that our three year olds were a hopelessly rotten lot. It would seem as though the best of their age did not run in the Derby and Oaks. Americus Girl might have won the latter, and I feel convinced that Pillo would have beaten Signorinetta and the rest in the Derby. Nobody could have seen Mr. Buchanan's colt win the Gold Vase without realising that here was a young stayer of the highest class.

Selections.

During the present week the interest of racegoers will be divided between Newcastle in the North and Newbury in the South. On Wednesday the Northumberland Plate may be won by **Father Blind**, and on the following day the Seaton Delaval Plate by **Bombe Glacée**. There is promise of a fine race in the Berkshire Foal Stakes at Newbury if Bayardo and **Strickland**, both Ascot winners, go to the post. My preference would be for the latter. **Santere** looks like winning the Newbury Summer Cup for Mr. George Edwardes, and I suppose we ought not to look beyond Signorinetta in the Royal Stakes, though White Eagle might easily bring off a surprise. My tips for Sandown are **Perrier** and **Electra**.

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A SPLENDID VIEW.

See page 641 for further details.

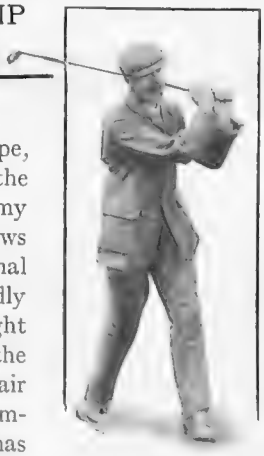
Photo] An Accident in the Ascot Stakes Handicap: Cuffs Kicks D'Orsay at the Barrier [*Graphic Photo Union*

Just before the start of the Ascot Stakes, on Tuesday, Mr. J. S. Morrison's Cuffs kicked Captain Wood's D'Orsay so severely that the latter was unable to take part in the race

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP

By ERNEST LEHMANN



James Braid

For the fourth time winner of the Open Championship, played at Prestwick last week

The Absurd International Match

This year's proceedings have, I hope, knocked a stout nail into the coffin of the absurd International Match. As my readers know, I hold very strong views on this subject. Either the International Match is a serious event or it is a friendly picnic. In the former case, it has no right to be played just a day or two before the Championships, for it places an unfair strain on the twenty or twenty-four presumably best players; in the latter case it has no right to exist at all. This year the weather conditions on the day fixed for the International Professional Match gave admirable point to my contention. The conditions were so bad that the match was abandoned, proving pretty conclusively that the event is not considered to be a really serious one. In any case, I leave upholders of the International Match, whether amateur or professional, to choose the horn of the dilemma I have propounded above on which to impale themselves. And now I come to the Championship itself.

The Championship Itself

If Turnberry was the Ligny of the campaign, then Prestwick may fairly be called the Waterloo, a metaphor which may be allowed me in view of the fact that the first two rounds of the Championship were played on the anniversary of the great battle, and proved disastrous to Massy, who found himself at the end of the day's fighting nine strokes behind Braid, the Wellington of the occasion. Rarely, if ever, has a Championship been conducted under such ideal conditions of weather. Thursday, the first day, was an absolutely perfect day for scoring: no wind, and a clear, grey light all day. A few showers during the previous night had made the greens perfect for bold putting, while Friday's weather, though unpromising for the early starters, went on constantly improving, so that the afternoon rounds were again played under superb conditions.

Braid's Marvellous Play

The weather is accurately reflected in Braid's four marvellous rounds, as will be seen by the following scores: 70, 72, 77, 72. Had it not been for his disastrous eight at the Cardinal hole, in his third round, it is most probable that Braid would have had a total giving him an average of 72 for the four rounds. His actual total of 291 is only three strokes above that average, a truly marvellous and heroic performance over a difficult course like Prestwick. I followed Braid during most of his second and third rounds, and the whole of his superb last round, and I can conscientiously say that I have never seen a finer display of brilliance combined with steadiness. Yes, steady brilliance is the best description of Braid's play. If I am asked at what point he showed his great qualities of temperament and play at their best I should unhesitatingly point to his third round, where his recovery from his horrible experience at the Cardinal, when players of less well-balanced natures might have gone to ruin, was a truly remarkable performance. If I am asked for his finest shots I would select his drive and second shot at the twelfth hole in his second round, when from this magnificent second he lay about five yards from the hole and got a three at a hole which is not easy in five, very good in four, and beyond all "whooping" in three; and I would also take his tenth hole in the last round, where, after a prodigious drive against the wind, he made the most perfect brassy second, a long, low, rising shot, dead on the pin all the way, and finishing up about four yards from the hole, giving him a chance of a three, which he very nearly accomplished.

His Last Round

During all this last round Braid played like an inspired being. He made a most perfect second at the fourteenth, which left him a very short putt for the three, which he got. All through his rounds his putting was very sound, being especially good in the long run-up putts, where so many others who have adopted his aluminium putter fail. Braid strikes me as the only man who is a thorough master of this treacherous weapon, and I put his success in this department down to his fine, smooth swing of the putter and his free and perfectly true follow through. Braid has also improved his pitching powers very considerably. To sum up—Braid at the present moment is undoubtedly the superior of any other living player. He has now taken rank with Harry Vardon as winner, in modern days, of four Championships. His success was most popular. I am sure all BYSTANDER readers will join me in congratulating him on an achievement which lowers the Championship record by five strokes and stamps him as one of the greatest players who ever handled a club.

A Dual Alliance

I shall be dealing more fully with the other players next week, but I take this opportunity on behalf of THE BYSTANDER of warmly thanking the London and North Western Railway Co. and the Glasgow and South Western Railway Co. for their great courtesy in passing me in a privileged capacity over their lines to Prestwick. Their systems are so well known to golfers as to need no appreciative comments from me. The Railway Companies all over the Kingdom are recognising that golf serves their best interests, and no Company has appreciated this fact better than the Glasgow and South Western Railway Co., which holds a controlling interest in the fine Turnberry course.

(To be continued

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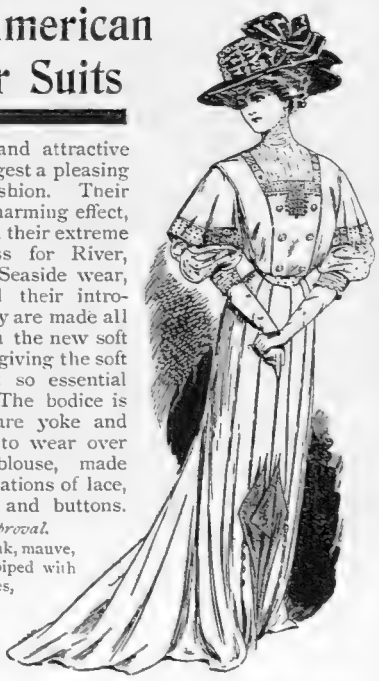

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By COMYNS BEAUMONT

English and Scottish Trials

At the time of writing the co-operative *entente* arranged between the two premier governing bodies in the domain of motordom, the Royal Automobile and Scottish Automobile Clubs, in regard to their competitive test trials, is working with every prospect of proving an unqualified success. The R.A.C., by incorporating the route of the Scottish Trials in its international run of 2,000 miles, has gained many advantages, the principal of which are the attainment of wider publicity for their entrants and the assistance of the ablest organisers in the kingdom over the most trying portion of the whole route. On its side the Scottish Club loses nothing in prestige by close association with the ruling power on so important an occasion as the holding of the fourth annual reliability trial for touring cars. A highly commendable novelty has been introduced this year by the inclusion of a speed sprint of some 200 miles round the Brooklands racing track at the end of the run on the roads, and, by an ingenious arrangement of appraising the value of the performances on tour, the car in each class which first pa ses the winning post at Brooklands will be awarded the gold medal. This should certainly stimulate public interest to no inconsiderable degree, and prove of consequent benefit to the winning manufacturers. The R.A.C. 2,000, with its subsequent 200 miles speed test, extends over some three weeks from June 11, when the cars travelled from London via Nottingham, and Newcastle to Glasgow, whence on Monday, June 15, the united forces commenced their trip over some of the most beautiful and romantic country in the world, and, incidentally, some of the worst conceivable roads. By the courtesy of Mr. F. C. Baisley, manager of the Gladiator Company in London, a seat in one of the new 35-45 h.-p. four-cylinder cars of that well-known make was placed at my disposal, and the journey from London

6 h.-p. De Dion Starting on the Clattering Hill Climb in the Scottish Trials

Photos] **The Scottish Reliability Trials: Cars Crossing a Bridge near Dufftown** *[Dixon*

It was a happy idea by which a portion of the R.A.C.'s 2,000 Miles Touring Car Trial was incorporated with the route of the Scottish Automobile Club's Trials, which have been in full swing North of the Tweed during last week among some of the most beautiful scenery and some of the worst roads of this island

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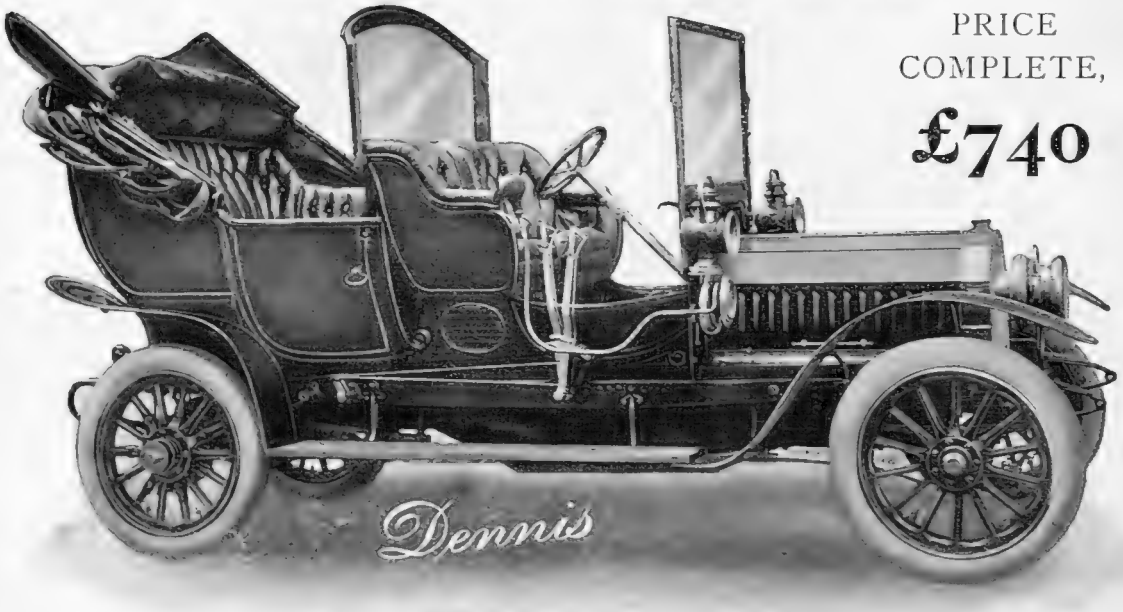

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Included in the Competition there was a **Speed Trial** on the Brooklands Motor Course, in which the **"Dennis" Touring Car** again outshone all competitors, attaining a speed of **51·3 miles per hour** with its full complement of passengers, and on the same ratio of gear.

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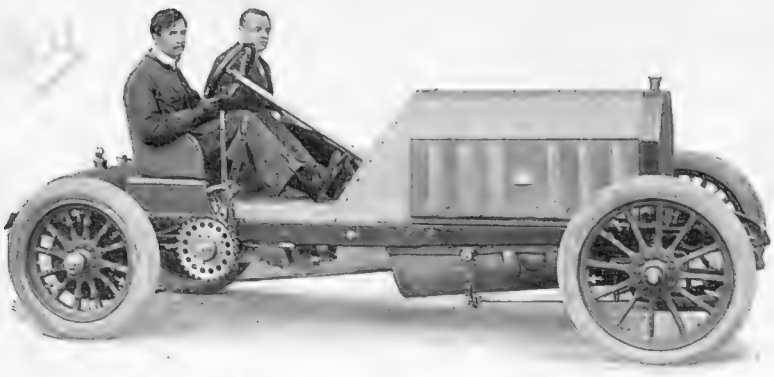
LAST YEAR'S HOLDERS OF THE WORLD'S RECORD FOR RELIABILITY



Nazzaro and Mr. D'Arcy Baker on the famous Fiat, Mephistopheles

On this car Nazzaro, on Whit Monday, not only made a record for the Brooklands track, averaging 93¾ miles an hour for 27½ miles, but also beat the world's record, reaching the terrific speed of 121·6 miles an hour for 2¾ miles

to Glasgow was made under most enjoyable conditions. No attempt at record smashing or scorching was, of course, contemplated, but the really remarkable feat—for a four-cylinder car—of running from London to Lancaster without a single change of gear, which the Gladiator achieved, is, I think, worthy of honourable mention.

* * *

Bonnets Over the Border

On Monday, June 15, some ninety cars of all the principal makes in Europe were started from the Scottish commercial capital under the joint direction of Mr. Julian W. Orde, secretary of the R.A.C., and Mr. R. J. Smith, C.A., hon. secretary of the Scottish Club, the day's itinerary being by Dunblane, Perth, Blairgowrie, and Braemar to Aberdeen. Between Blairgowrie and Braemar the road crosses the Grampians at an altitude of 2,349ft. above the sea level, by way of the far-famed Devil's Elbow on Cairnwell, where the first of a series of timed hill-climbs was arranged. The weather unfortunately was at its worst even for the Highlands of Scotland, a particularly heavy and blinding storm of rain beating with merciless force in the faces of competitors and spectators, of whom some four or five hundred had assembled. The high-powered cars, headed by Mr. Claude Johnson's 40-50 h.-p. six-cylinder Rolls-Royce were despatched first, and, in consequence, when the smaller cars came to make the ascent, the road surface resembled a ploughed field more than a medium for vehicular traffic. It is, however, to be noted, as a most promising sign of the great improvement which, of late, has characterised the manufacturer of moderately priced cars, that of the large number of competitors, only three failed to make the exceedingly trying and difficult ascent at the first attempt under full touring conditions. The Argyll team of five cars ran with remarkable unanimity, their performance proving one of the features of a memorable afternoon.

* * *

Pleasant Prospects

On the second day the hill-climbing was got through before lunch, and the small cars were sent up first. The scene of action was Cairn-o'-Mount, a lofty summit of the Western Grampians lying between Leatterin Brig and Aboyne. The length of the climb was two miles, and the steepest gradient, one in five, occurred at a bend within a couple of hundred yards of the summit. Here, naturally, assembled the army of spectators, journalists, and photographers, who had accompanied the competing cars in the full anticipation of witnessing some sport. Anticipations were not belied, as quite a number of cars either failed to take the bend altogether or were compelled to shed passengers and observers, and submit to the indignity of a push. This, too, in spite of the fact that the day was brilliantly fine and the road surface in very fair condition. The view from the top of Cairn-o'-Mount is one of the most delightful in all Scotland. Southward rises the giant range of granite peaks which divides the counties of Aberdeen and Inverness from Forfar and Perth. To the West rolling downs of unsurpassed beauty extend as far as the Moray Firth, whose blue waters dancing in the sunlight were distinctly visible in the clear mountain air, while to the North and East the grim greyness of the North Sea lent tone to the picture. For once the efficiency of the organisation was slightly at fault, as the marshal in charge at the bend of the hill appeared to be inexperienced and exhibited some lack of firmness in dealing with those cars which failed to take the rise. In consequence, the road became blocked by struggling cars and assistants to the detriment of those which followed, the fine runs of several being spoiled. Allowances were made, of course, by the observers in accordance with regulations, but in many cases all possibility of doing fastest time in one's class was completely spoiled.

The latest craze of Society is to learn Motoring at TREVOR'S, 162, Great Portland Street, W., where unlimited lessons in driving are given on four and six-cylinder cars. Their Prospectus will be gladly sent on application.

The 14-16 h.-p. Four-cylinder F.N. Car

Recently supplied to Mr. Lionel Stone. It is fitted with a windscreen and Cape-cart hood, and also large boxes at the rear for touring convenience. Manufactured by the Fabrique National d'Armes de Guerre, the Continental engineering firm, it is almost as quiet as an electric car

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